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MARY ARDMORE

OR

TEST OF FAITH

BY

J. H. STARK

Author of "Equally Yoked," "Fair Mound," "Baptism of Suffering," "Hugh Carlin," Etc.

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To Those
Who love my Savior,
And strive His will to do;
Who seek to gain his favor
By service leal and true;
Who pray that strength be given
To triumph over sin,
And dwell at last in Heaven;
Who hope life's crown to win,

This Volume
is Affectionately Inscribed
By the Author.

Du Quoin, Ill., Sept. 21st, 1898.

PREFACE.

MARY ARDMORE, the new candidate for public favor, by J. H. Stark, already well known as the author of "Hugh Carlin," will be a favorite among our young people, and will be read with profit by many of the older members. It is a story of love and religion. Both are genuine. They say that "true love never runs smooth." But Mary and Doctor Harlow pass through many sorrows which are quite unusual. They had known each other from childhood. Each had the most abiding confidence in the other. There was no rivalry, no jealousy. They loved devoutly and singly; no third party ever threw a shadow athwart their pathway as a lover. Many of both sexes would have gladly done so, but were not noticed by Mary and Melvin. Their trouble was religious conviction. After the prayerful consideration of the whole subject, by mutual consent, they go apart. Perhaps they could have agreed, but the pastor of the Doctor had suggested that he was being won from the religion of his father and mother

by the love arguments of a beautiful young woman, and that it was disgraceful to be led about in that way. Mentally he knew she was right, but religious prejudice sent him into foreign lands to wear away his sorrow and forget the idol of his heart. Poor fellow! he wanders and reads, and finally accepts Mary's views on the subject, but is made to believe, from a statement in a home paper, that Mary has forgotten him and married another man, so he wanders on, now more heart-broken than ever. But Mary suffers still more. Her parents are dead, and the fortune has failed in the hands of her brother, and she is alone in the world. She is cultured and accomplished, a heroine without knowing it; her life becomes most beautiful and useful. Her influence is like the fragrance of a beautiful rose; firm, yet quiet and unobtrusive, she leads all into a higher and better life.

As a governess she is far more to the children than their fashionable mother had been. Those who saw her thought she had seen nothing but sunshine and flowers, "scattering seeds of kindness for the reaping by-and-by." And yet on her heart she was carrying a gravestone.

The one object of earthly love and devotion had gone, gone, never to return, as she feared; and yet in her dreams she walked with him as in the days of old. Sickness has come and the fever burns high, and she talks so strangely, so pleadingly for Dr. Harlow to come, if but for a moment, that she may see his face *just once more*. But she slowly recovers and goes on again in her own sweet way, charming all who come within her reach. She establishes missions and reforms people with a magic of refinement, truth and love.

But the days of sadness have gone at last. She is on her way to a great Endeavor meeting. Hundreds are singing in the car, but the train leaps the track. Many are injured, and Mary was thought to be dead. Aid is called, learned physicians and surgeons are brought from Chicago. One of them is Dr. Harlow. He recognized Mary at once, but supposed her to be the wife of another man, and now for the first time in years learns the fact that she had not been married, and that she had never loved anyone but himself.

I leave the story at this point. The reader can guess his way out. The story is studded

with gems of thought, of noble determination, of Christian courage and living martyrdom. But the light has flashed from the embattlements of glory upon her falling tears, and painted for her a beautiful rainbow of peace. Get a copy, read it and give it to others. It can not fail to do much good.

D. R. DUNGAN.

MARY ARDMORE.

CHAPTER I.

DR. HARLOW sat alone in his office on a quiet June evening. The large and cozy office, well supplied with books and medical and surgical equipments, indicated that the possessor was more than a mediocre in his profession. He was in a deep study. At last, arising from his seat, he exclaimed, "I must! I will!"

His father had been a successful physician in Brookfield for more than forty years, and had amassed a neat little fortune of $25,000, and two years before the opening of our story had passed away, leaving all to his only son and heir. The younger Harlow had graduated from one of the best medical institutions of learning only three months before his father's death. The elder physician's medical mantle therefore fell upon the younger, and right worthily did he wear it.

Few men in Brookfield were held in higher esteem than Melvin Harlow, for in addition to

being very far advanced in his profession, he was a *man;* and in these degenerate days, this is a high encomium to be truly placed upon one of the masculine part of humanity.

Melvin had been reared by pious, devout, God-fearing parents, and had early in life professed his faith in Christ, and united with the Methodist Episcopal Church, the church of his parents, and be it said to his honor, all through his college course he never disgraced his profession. Why, then, the deep study with which he is introduced to the reader? It was a matrimonial study. He was well established in business; having received his father's estate, he reasoned, and wisely too, that he was amply able to support a wife in comfort, and thus escape the annoyance of boarding-house life.

Couldn't he find a woman to suit him? Yes, there was just one woman in all the world that exactly suited him; she lived in Brookfield, and he was sure she reciprocated his affections. Then why didn't he marry her and be done with it? "Ah! there hangs the tale." Had he done so, the world would not have been afflicted with this book.

One serious obstacle stood in the way, and

that was religion. What! religion stand in the way? Was the lady in question an unbeliever? On the contrary, a more exemplary, devoted Christian could not be found in Brookfield than Mary Ardmore. Her father was one of the leading dry goods merchants of the city, and a leading elder in the church to which he belonged. Then why should religion be a barrier in the way of a union between her and Dr. Harlow, as life companions? Ordinarily such would not be the case, but Miss Ardmore being a member of the Church of Christ, and Dr. Harlow, as we have said, a member of the M. E. Church, and both being zealous for their respective religions, and neither wishing to give way to the other, were immovable. Thus the case stood at the opening of our story.

"She ought to give up. She finally will!" exclaimed the young physician to himself, as he aroused himself from his reverie. "I will make another appeal to her, and if she proves inexorable, I will propose that we drop religion as a matter of discussion and 'agree to disagree,' and be united in marriage on that basis, for Mary Ardmore is so much a part of my life that I can not live in happiness without her,

and yet I will not give up my religion for any woman on earth. Oh, why cannot we all unite on one religion? Why can not Mary be satisfied with the religion of Wesley, Whitefield and other godly men who have died triumphant in that faith? I will go and see her again, and if I can do no better, will propose that we drop our religious difference and be married at once." So saying, taking up his medicine case, he walked toward the residence of Mrs. Grump, a wealthy widow who required the attendance of the Doctor twice a week, to tell her she needed no medical attention.

While he is attending to his professional duties, let us step over to the Ardmore home. The family consists of five members. The father, mother, Henry, twenty-four years of age, in partnership with his father; Mary, twenty-two, and Della, eighteen—all members of the Church of Christ in Brookfield, one of the strongest of the nine churches in the city. Levi Ardmore, Mary's father, was one of the wealthiest men in the city, and was noted for his kindness, generosity and uprightness of life, and people said, "Mary is precisely like her father." Hence it is not strange that she was

a general favorite with the young people. She had graduated with honors from one of our best colleges, shortly before being introduced to the reader. As we walk into the Ardmore home, we are impressed with the thought that it was built for comfort rather than style. There is elegance without ostentation; beauty without gaudiness; richness without display.

Mary is seated at her writing-desk, and is reading a letter she has written to a cousin of hers in a distant city. Although it is not good manners, let us just this once peep over her shoulder and read:

"BROOKFIELD, ——, June 7, 1885.

"MISS CLARA BEALE,

"Clayton, ——.

"*Dear Cousin* :—I will answer your letter that came some time ago. I was away from home when it reached here, and mother, thinking I would be at home every day, did not forward, and it was two weeks old before I read it. But it kept all right, even if the weather was warm. What shall I write about? We girls are accused of writing about our love affairs. Well, as we have to 'bear the blame we might as well have the game.' So here goes.

"Clara, I am in trouble. You remember Dr. Harlow? Well, he has proposed marriage to me. I have not given him an answer yet. Confidentially, Clara, I love the Doc-

tor, but, he belonging to the Methodist Church, and I to the Church of Christ, I am afraid our married life would not be very pleasant. He wants me to be a Methodist. I told him I would when convinced that it was the true church, but not before. Of course I have no hopes of making anything of him but a Methodist. He is a grand man, but grand as he is, I cannot change my religion for him or any other man. Oh! why are there so many religions? Why so many sects and creeds? If the Doctor or any one else, will convince me that Methodism is the religion of the Bible, I will gladly embrace it. I sometimes think I perhaps ought to give up—that I can live a Christian life in the Methodist Church, as many do; then the thought that I would be living a falsehood before the world comes to me. I would be saying to the world that I believe Methodism the best of all religions, when I do not believe any such thing. I would be saying by my actions that I believe baptism of an adult unimportant, and can be performed by sprinkling, pouring or immersion, whereas I believe it to be *very* important and can be performed only by immersion—a burial, as Paul expresses it in the sixth chapter of Romans. I would be saying by my actions that I believe 'six months' probation' is all right, when I do not believe it at all. Oh, Clara, it is a hard struggle for me! I do not believe any other man will occupy the place in my heart that Dr. Harlow holds, and yet I will willingly relinquish all claims to him, rather than give up my religion.

"But I ought not to be airing my grievances even to you, but felt like unburdening myself to some one, and I knew of no one in whom I would rather confide, than in my dear cousin Clara. The Ransoms have left here and

gone to Florida. Papa and Della are going to Chicago next week. Write again soon.

"From Your Loving 'Cuz,'
"MARY."

"P. S. (You know a woman must have a postscript). Since writing the foregoing I have received a note from Dr. Harlow stating that he will be here this evening if not professionally detained, and if agreeable to me. Now comes the 'tug of war.' Bye-bye. M."

The reader now begins to see the obstacles in the way, to which we referred a few moments ago. Do you say it was stubbornness on the part of both?

I answer, no. It was stubbornness on the part of neither.

As the evening drew on, Mary felt considerable trepidation in the thought of the evening's interview with her lover. Must she give him a final "No?" Why not? What hope could she hold out to him? "Why should this struggle be further prolonged? Why not give him a kind and loving refusal, and let Elta Taylor have him? She is almost dying for him, and she is a staunch Methodist." But the thought of giving up Dr. Harlow to another woman was too much for the conservative Mary Ardmore.

"No, no, I cannot give him up, and yet I must!"

In the midst of her paradoxical reverie, the door bell rang, and gently motioning back the servant who was going to answer the summons, she opened the door, and graciously admitted the subject of her reverie.

Conducting him to the parlor, she opened the windows to admit more air. As she flitted under the electric lights, daintily, though not flashily dressed, the Doctor thought to himself she was more than usually lovely in appearance, and his heart sank within him at the mere thought of possible rejection by her. But remembering that "faint heart never won lady fair," he did not despair.

After a few commonplace remarks had passed between them, the Doctor remarked: "Well, Mary, I have come for my answer, and if you do not wish to have me sent to the asylum, please make it in the affirmative."

"Doctor, you do not know the struggle through which I have passed since you proposed to me," replied Mary, earnestly, as the tears stood in her eyes. "I have looked at the question from every standpoint. There is no

earthly object with which I would not sooner part than you. And while it almost rends my heartstrings to say it, yet I must, I fear, say, 'I cannot be your wife,' for reasons already known."

"Dear Mary, do not say so. Do not wreck both our lives. Do you not believe the man ought to be the head of the family? Ought not the woman to give way in matters of religion? Does not the Bible teach that wives ought to obey their husbands?"

"Yes, but I am not your wife yet, and, as I have said, I fear I never can be. Besides, if I were, I do not believe you could have the keeping of my faith. Where Paul says, 'Wives, obey your husbands,' he does not mean that the woman is to turn her entire thinking faculties over to her husband, and let him do her thinking for her. If woman is an individual, and individually responsible for her deeds, then she must do her individual thinking. If you will agree to be individually responsible for me in the day of judgment, and convince me that you can answer for me then, I will gladly go with you."

"Well, I could take the risk easily enough,

but I could not convince you, for I do not believe it myself. You are right, Mary, if you are individually responsible, you must do your individual thinking. I had not thought of it in just that light before. But you know it would look better for you to come with me, than for me to go with you."

"No, Melvin, I do not know it. Besides, I do not care so much about what people say about it, and how the world looks at it, as how God looks at it. If God says for me to join the Methodist Church, I am ready to do so. If he says for me to unite with the Catholic Church, I will gladly do so, but I first want to be convinced that God commands it."

"Well, why could you not accept the Methodist faith? Have not thousands lived and died in that faith and gone to glory?" inquired the Doctor.

"Perhaps. But millions doubtless have 'gone to glory' who never heard of Methodism. Do you think Methodism essential to salvation, Doctor?"

"W-h-y, no, I suppose not. And yet it is a means of salvation."

"Do you believe that Christianity is essential to salvation?" inquired the young lady.

"Oh, yes, of course. There is no salvation without Christ, and Christ is the sum and substance of Christianity."

"Then, according to your own admission, Christianity and Methodism are not the same. Then why do you ask me to accept Methodism, when you admit that a person can be saved as well without as with it?"

"Oh, well, Mary, I see nothing is to be gained by controversy. I had hoped I could gain your consent to passively accept my church, at least, but since I cannot persuade you to do that, let us drop our religious differences and be married. Let us 'agree to disagree,' as many husbands and wives do. Look how happily John Galen and his wife get along. He is a Presbyterian and she is a Lutheran."

"Yes, how do they get along?" laughingly asked Mary. "Mrs. Galen told me last week that she had been to church but twice in the last year, because she and her husband belong to different churches, and she said he had not been to church within a year. Their children sometimes go to one Sunday-school and some-

times to another, but generally to none. The boys frequently go fishing on Sunday, and the girls have gotten beyond her control."

"But the conduct of children, Mary, may not be the result of religious difference of parents."

"That is true. For parents who perfectly agree religiously sometimes have very bad children, but religious difference of parents has that tendency. I do not know of a single case where parents belong to different churches, where the children, who are old enough, are all earnest, faithful church workers."

"Well, the bad conduct of children need not be a result of parental religious differences. Parents ought not to bias their children in any direction religiously."

"I think, Doctor, you mistake in that. I think parents ought to give a bias. There is where the trouble comes concerning Mrs. Galen's children. Neither of the parents dare give a bias for fear of offending the other, and, as a result, the children are religiously uninstructed. I know the theory of letting children grow up without bias is very beautiful, but utterly impracticable, if you would have the

children grow up religiously. Childhood, as we well know, is the formative period of life, hence it should have the best possible bias."

"Yes, that is all true, Mary, but parents should not arbitrarily bias their children."

"Of course not, but they should give a kindly bias in a proper way. No, Doctor, I have looked at this question from every conceivable standpoint, and I can see but one way out of this muddle."

"What is it, Mary? What is it?" eagerly inquired the young physician.

"It is this: To meet with our Bibles, pencils and paper, and carefully and dispassionately go over the grounds of difference between us. If you are right, I promise to go with you; if I am right, you come go with me; if neither is right, find it and adopt it regardless of former training, and what others may say."

The Doctor winced as he replied: "I do not believe that controversy will do any good."

"I do not see that there need be any controversy, particularly. If we talk over our religious differences in a kindly way we will certainly learn, even if we do not agree."

"That is true, Mary. It is worth trying. I

am willing to do anything, except to sacrifice what I believe to be the truth, in order to win you. When shall we begin our investigation?"

"Say next Tuesday evening."

The Doctor, assenting, took his leave.

CHAPTER II.

"In many things, a comprehensive survey of a subject is the shortest way of getting at a precise knowledge of a particular division of it."—*Princeton Review.*

On the day following the conversation recorded in the preceding chapter, Dr. Harlow met his pastor, Rev. Mr. Menloe, and confided to him the plan arranged upon by himself and Mary for a better religious understanding between them, and asked his assistance.

"You have made a great blunder, Doctor," remarked the minister. "You are all right as a physician and as a Sunday-school superintendent, but you will get worsted when you come to theological encounters with those people; I know them."

"Why, Brother Menloe, don't you think they are honest?"

"Oh, yes; I think the majority of them are very excellent people, but the fact is, they have studied the Bible so much, and it seems to sustain them so nicely, that it is hard for our people to meet them."

"You do not mean to say they have the Bible on their side?" inquired the physician with some astonishment.

"No, only seemingly so. If we take the Bible at what it says, we must admit they have the advantage of us."

"Well, how should we take it? As it doesn't say? I had supposed we ought to take it as it says."

"Oh, well, of course we ought in a general way, but so much of it has to be 'spiritualized' to properly understand it, that we have to make many exceptions to the general rule. For instance, in Acts 2: 38, when those persons on the day of Pentecost asked what to do to be saved, Peter told them to 'repent and be baptized for the remission of sins.' Now, according to a literal interpretation of that, as also John 3: 5, and Mark 16: 16, baptism is one of the conditions in order to the remission of alien sins, but of course we know they do not mean it."

"Well, Miss Ardmore and myself have agreed to leave it to the Bible; to take it just as it says."

"Precisely. That is where she has the advantage of you. Well, all I can advise under

the circumstances, is to 'make the best of a bad bargain.' When it comes to those difficult passages, insist that they are not to be taken as they read. It will be hard to convince her of it, but it is the best you can do under the circumstances. Take your Discipline with you and insist that it was prepared by learned, godly, devout men; that it is just like the Bible. Extol the glories of Methodism, and show what it has done for the world, but do not berate Miss Ardmore's church, for of course that would not be kind, for they are, as I have already said, an excellent people, notwithstanding their errors in doctrine."

The Doctor was not satisfied with his conference with his pastor, but thought he was perhaps right after all.

The evening for investigation drew on, and the young physician again wended his way to the Ardmore residence.

After a few preliminary remarks the Doctor said: "Well, Mary, I suppose we might as well begin our theological battle at once and have it over."

"I am not a theological warrior, Doctor," smilingly replied Miss Ardmore. "I did not

consider our investigation of the sacred Scriptures a battle at all. Christ told the Jews to 'search the Scriptures,' and the Bereans were more noble than those at Thessalonica in that they 'Searched the scriptures daily.' If we search the Scriptures and 'compare spiritual things with spiritual things,' I do not think it need be a battle at all."

"Oh, no, I was only joking. But, seriously, let us begin our investigation. Now, in candor, please state your objections to the Methodist Church, then I will state my objections to your church."

"To the church to which I belong," corrected the young lady. "Well," continued Mary, "in the first place, I don't like the name 'Methodist' for a church, or as a religious cognomen for an individual. It is purely human, and I do not believe a divine institution ought to wear a human name, neither do I believe a human institution ought to wear a divine name."

"Why, is not the name 'Methodist' as good as any other? As Presbyterian, Baptist, etc.?"

"It is as good. I would as soon wear it as

the names you have mentioned, but I wouldn't wear them."

"Why, do you not believe that there are thousands of good, pious persons wearing those names?"

"I certainly do. But that doesn't make it right. I have seen good persons do a great many things that were not right, but that didn't make that particular wrong right. Now, then, Doctor, you please write under the title the word 'Methodist;' then please tell me where it is to be found in the Bible, and I will jot it down on my paper, and then we will turn to it and read and investigate."

The physician coughed, slightly colored, cleared his throat, and still hesitating, Mary continued: "You know, Doctor, we are to be governed by the Bible. Now please give the chapter and verse where the Methodist Church is spoken of in the Bible, and we will turn to it and read."

"There is no such Scripture, Mary, as you well know," replied the Doctor with a forced smile.

"No such Scripture, Doctor! And yet you

want me to join an organization that is not even recognized in the Bible?"

"Oh, well, it doesn't matter about a name, anyhow. A name is of no importance."

"Why, then, did you ask me to take your name? If we should become united in marriage, would you be willing that I wear the name of Allen and repudiate your name, or take it in preference to your name?"

The young man perceptibly winced under this, for Joseph Allen had been one of Mary's suitors, and the Doctor did not like the mental picture of Mary wearing his name.

"Well, of course there is some importance in names after all," replied he, "but the main thing is to be worthy the name."

"Very true," assented the young lady, "it is better to be worthy and *not* wear it, than to *not* be worthy and *wear* it; but best of all it is to be worthy and wear it. But since you admit that the name of the church to which you belong is unknown to the Bible, and it being the arbiter in this matter, we will let this point pass with the understanding that my objection in this particular is sustained. Is not that right, and according to agreement?"

"Well, we will pass it by for the time being at least," replied the Doctor, and he thought of what his pastor had told him of his disadvantage in the investigation, and he began to believe it. He continued: "What is your second objection?"

"My second objection to the Methodist as to all other human churches, is that it is governed by a *human* instead of a *divine* creed."

"Why, Mary, we must have some way of showing the world what we believe."

"That is very true, but is not the Bible enough for that? Need we anything better? The creed that was sufficient for the first three centuries of the Christian era ought to be sufficient now, it seems to me, unless, as claimed by the infidel, the Bible is a 'fogy' and out of date, which we, of course, are not willing to allow."

"But, Mary, what possible objection can you have to our Discipline? It was gotten up by godly, learned, pious men—men wholly consecrated to the cause of religion."

"Because gotten by *men*, and not of God. I freely express my profound admiration for the Wesleys and their coadjutors. They were grand

men, but not grand enough to prepare a creed for God's people. I have no more objection to the Methodist Discipline than to the Thirty-Nine Articles or any other human creed. I object to *all because they are human.*"

"Well, let us have your objection in Scriptural language."

"Very well. Paul in writing to the Galatians (1:9) says: 'If any man preach any other Gospel unto you than that ye have received, let him be accursed.' Now where there are so many creeds, preaching doctrines so diverse to each other, they cannot all be according to the Gospel of Christ, and therefore it is dangerous to have any other creed than the Gospel of Christ. This is also in keeping with John the Revelator, who, in closing his grand apocalyptic vision, says (Rev. 22 : 18, 19): 'If any man shall add unto these things, God shall add unto him the plagues that are written in this book; and if any man shall take away from the words of the book of this prophecy, God shall take away his part out of the book of life and out of the holy city, and from the things that are written in this book.' Now do you not think that the Presbyterian Confession of Faith adds

to the Word of God when it declares that there are a certain number of the human family elected to eternal life, and a certain number to eternal condemnation, and that the number is so definite that it can neither be increased nor diminished?"

"I certainly think that such a statement is wholly without scriptural warrant, and therefore an addition to the Word of God."

"Well, do you not know that the Presbyterians and others look upon 'six months' probation' in the same light—that is, as an addition?" queried Miss Ardmore.

"How do you make that out? We do not claim that as a part of the Word of God."

"True; and there is where you make a great mistake, as I view this question. You make a part of your faith something not in the Word of God, even according to your own concession; yet it is as tenaciously held as any other article of your faith by the great body of your communicants. It is therefore to such, an addition to the Word of God. Again, Paul tells us (2 Tim. 3: 16, 17): 'All Scripture given by inspiration of God is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for correction, for instruction in right-

eousness, that the man of God may be perfect, thoroughly furnished unto all good works.' Now, Doctor, I submit this as a fair proposition: 'If the Word of God is sufficient, it is presumption, if not sin, for us to add to God's sufficiency.''

"Oh! We have our Discipline to contain rules of church government."

"Yes, but these rules of church government become articles of faith to you, for you are required to accept everything contained in the Discipline; in paragraph 403, on reception of new members, the minister asks: 'Do you believe in the doctrines of the Holy Scriptures as set in the articles of religion of the Methodist Episcopal Church?' and the candidate is required to answer 'I do.' Again, the candidate is required to 'cheerfully be governed by the rules of the Methodist Episcopal Church.' Now, Doctor, in all candor and seriousness, can you find in the Bible where any one in the days of the apostles was required to believe in the articles of religion as set in the Methodist Discipline, or was required to 'cheerfully acquiesce in the rules of said church?' "

"Of course not, Mary, for it was not then established."

"Then how can you ask me to subscribe to a creed that was unknown in the days of the apostles? Can I not, according to your own concession, fairly claim to have sustained my second objection to the M. E. Church in objecting to its creed? For I proved that it was dangerous to preach any other gospel than the Gospel of Christ. I showed where there is so much diverse preaching, somebody must be preaching 'another gospel,' and in preaching a creed we run a great risk of being of that number who preach another gospel. I showed that it is dangerous to add to the Word of God, and that 'six months' probation,' if there were nothing else, would be doing that. I have further shown that the inspired Scriptures are sufficient and that it is dangerous to try to improve on God's sufficiency. Is not my objection sustained?"

"Oh, I suppose so from your standpoint," replied the young physician.

"Well, is it not from the Bible standpoint?"

"To be honest with you, Mary, I must con-

fess that you have established your objection. Have you any others?"

"Yes, I have still other objections. I object to the machinery of the Methodist Church."

"What do you mean by the 'machinery,' Mary?"

"I mean its episcopacy. Its 'wheel within a wheel.' The clergy is every thing; the laity, as it is called, is little or nothing. The church has officers unknown to the New Testament. Melvin, where is your Scripture for 'presiding elder?' Where is your Scripture for six bishops, instead of many bishops?"

"Why, Mary, the word bishop is found in the New Testament I am sure."

Very true. My objection is not to the office of bishop, for it is certainly a scriptural one when scripturally applied, or used in a scriptural way."

"Why are not our bishops scriptural?"

"Because your church has one bishop for many churches, while the New Testament recognizes a plurality of bishops for every church or congregation. Paul told Titus to ordain elders or bishops in every city, directly oppo-

site the course of the Methodist Church in having one bishop over many cities."

"Well, have you any more objections?" inquired the Doctor.

"Yes, I have several more. I object to 'six months' probation,' or 'six months' suspicion,' as it is sometimes facetiously called; and they are under 'suspicion' while they are 'probating.' The Catholics have twelve months for their novitiates, while Methodism has only half that period. The latter is taken from the former."

"What harm can probation do? It allows the individual to test the church and the church the individual."

"And Satan to test both," interjected the young lady.

"Why do you say that, Mary?" seriously inquired the physician.

"Because it is true, Doctor. Satan tells the probationer that he is under no particular obligation to the church, that he has taken no special vow, and if he does live a little loose it doesn't matter. On the other hand, he tells the church that she is under no special obligation to the probationer; wait and see whether he is going to hold out, then it will be time

enough to attend to him. In this way the arch-fiend gets the better of thousands who start to lead a better life."

"You seem to think that 'six months' probation' is worse than a failure."

"Indeed I do. I believe it is a sin, because thousands are deceived by it, thinking it is scriptural, whereas it is positively anti-scriptural. In the days of the apostles, persons were not added to the church in one hundred and eighty days, but the same day."

"Mary, in calling this institution that is so highly revered by our church, a sin, do you not impugn the motives of some of our most godly and wisest men and women?"

"Not at all. It only shows that good men and women never get beyond doing wrong—are liable to err. Now tell me, is there any Scripture for 'six months' probation?"

"No, we do not claim any Scripture. It was simply a human expedient to guard against unworthy members."

"Well, is it a success in that particular? Does your church have fewer unworthy communicants than the average orthodox church?"

"No, I suppose not. I told brother Menloe

one day that if probation was to protect against frauds, then it has proved a failure, for I am sure our membership is no better than our religious neighbors; but it is a matter of comparative unimportance. We do not consider it a saving article of faith."

"If a minister of the Methodist Church should object to it and preach against it, would he be considered as being in good standing?"

"I suppose not," replied the physician.

"Then it occurs to me that it is quite important from a Methodist standpoint. Something that must be believed before a minister can be in good standing must surely be important. Please note this fact: A man must believe and teach something admittedly unscriptural to be a Methodist minister in good standing. Is not that true? And if true, how can you ask me to accept a church wherein I must accept an unscriptural theory, to be in good standing as a Christian?"

The physician seemed greatly confused, as he replied: "We will let that pass."

"Before we do so," remarked the young lady, "I wish to ask: Is 'six months' probation' scriptural or unscriptural?"

"I must admit it is unscriptural. Is that all?"

"No, I am not through yet. I object to infant church membership."

"Why, Mary, you are certainly wrong in that, for surely infants are members of Christ's kingdom."

"Then we can certainly find it in the Bible. Please show me where they are so considered in the Scriptures, and we will investigate."

"I do not know that it is expressed in so many words that infants belong to the church, but the thought is so often found in the Bible, it must be true."

"I do not see how it can be found so often in thought and not at all in words, for we think in words; indeed, we cannot think without words."

"Did not Jesus take little children in his arms and bless them, and say, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven?' "

"Yes, that is just what Jesus said; and he further said: 'Except ye become converted and become *as* little children, ye shall in no wise enter into the kingdom of heaven;' but mark you, he does not say, 'Except ye *become* little

children,' but become *like* them. To be *like* is not to be the *thing* itself."

"Did not the Abrahamic church have children in it?" asked Dr. Harlow.

"I do not know; the Bible says nothing about it. I have never found in the Word of God any mention of the 'Abrahamic church,' and of course cannot tell whether children belonged to it or not."

"What! Did not Abraham belong to a church?" inquired the physician, in surprise.

"The Bible says nothing about it."

"Why is he so prominently mentioned in the Scriptures? He is even called the 'father of the faithful.' "

"Because of the promises made to him," replied Mary.

"What do you mean by the promises made to him?"

"I mean God made two promises to Abram. The first was temporal, based on fleshly relationship, while the second was spiritual, and therefore eternal in its nature. The first was the promise of a fleshly seed, the second a spiritual seed. The first was the promise of a fleshly church, of which circumcision was the

seal; the second a spiritual church, of which faith was the seal. Children could be members of the first, because fleshly; they cannot be members of the second, because they cannot exercise faith."

"Where is your Scripture, Mary, to sustain your position on the promises?"

"In Gen. 12:1-3, we find where two promises were made to Abram. The first being fleshly, in that it was to make him and his seed a great nation; the second was a far more reaching promise, in that it was to embrace the entire human family."

"You admitted a moment ago that infant children were recipients of the blessings accruing from the first promise; how, then, are you going to keep them from enjoying the blessings of the second?"

"I am not going to try to keep them out of its blessings; I certainly think they are bountiful recipients of its blessings, but I do not think they are members of Christ's kingdom. But further on the promises: Paul, in the Galatian letter (3:16), says: 'Now to Abraham and his seed were the promises made.' Now let us see how these promises were carried out: In Deute-

ronomy 1:10, Moses, after telling his brethren how the Lord had delivered them from the hand of their oppressors, said: 'The Lord your God hath multiplied you, and behold, ye are this day as the stars of heaven for multitude.' Thus we see the first promise was at that time already fulfilled. Now let us turn to Jeremiah 31:31-34: 'Behold, the days come, saith the Lord, that I will make a new covenant with the house of Israel, and with the house of Judah; not according to the covenant I made with them when I took them by the hand to lead them out of Egypt, which my covenant they brake, although I was an husband unto them, saith the Lord; but this shall be the covenant I will make with the house of Israel after those days, saith the Lord; I will put my law in their inward parts and write it in their hearts; and I will be their God and they shall be my people. And they shall not teach every man his neighbor and every man his brother, saying, Know the Lord, for they all shall know me, from the least of them unto the greatest of them, saith the Lord; for I will forgive their iniquity, and I will remember their sin no more.' Now we learn from this, Doctor, as

you will doubtless admit, that, 1. A new covenant was to be made. 2. It was to be unlike, or 'not according to the old.' 3. It was to be written, not on stones, but on the 'fleshly tablets of the heart' (2 Cor. 3:3). 4. They were not to teach each other, 'Know the Lord,' for all were to know him from the least of them unto the greatest, hence there could be no infants in this new institution, as they cannot know the Lord. Again, he says, 'I will forgive their iniquities.' The little infant has no iniquities to forgive."

"Then do you think there is no salvation for the infant dying in infancy?"

"I think there is positive hope of eternal salvation to all dying in infancy," emphatically asserted Miss Ardmore.

"How can you make it appear, if they are not of his church? How can he be their Savior?"

"Doctor, I think you make the mistake thousands of others make in thinking the church is for the sinless, as well as for the sinning. The mission of the church, if I understand it aright, is to save the sinful, not the pure and sinless infant, from something that,

with it, does not exist. Jesus came not to call the righteous, but sinners, to repentance. The infant, being sinless, being righteous, is not called to repentance. Jesus' mission was two-fold: To save from sin, and to redeem from the grave. The little infant has no sin from which to be saved; the only thing it needs is redemption from the grave, and this is procured it through the resurrection of Christ."

"That is a new line of argument to me, I must confess, Mary. It looks reasonable. But let us drop this infant question."

"Before we do, I wish you to admit that infant church membership is an untaught question so far as the Bible is concerned. Will you do so?"

"I will admit that I cannot find it now at least. Is that all?"

"No; I have other objections, but this must suffice for the present interview. I wish you to study over these things."

"When shall we have another meeting?" inquired the Doctor.

"Next Tuesday evening. Will that suit?"

"It will if professional duties do not interfere," and with that the healer of human ills took his leave.

CHAPTER III.

There is a difference between a man who studies the Bible in a spirit of philosophical learning, and the one who hears it in the songs of heaven and eternal life; the attitude of one is cold and critical, the other finds his heart melted and flowing out in love as he listens to the divine melody."—*Homiletic Review.*

THE second interview of an especially religious nature between Mary Ardmore and her lover drew on, and he promptly appeared to take his part in the investigation. After the usual introductory remarks had passed, Doctor Harlow said: "Well, Mary, you said at the close of our interview on last Tuesday evening that you were not through with your objections to Methodism. I want to hear all."

"I hope you will not think me hypercritical in my strictures on your religion, for I assure you I very highly respect the greater number of the Methodist people; I admire the earnestness and piety manifested by very many of that communion, but, to be candid, there is much in doctrine I do not like, only because I believe it to be unscriptural. My next objection, like the last, is common to many of the so-

called orthodox religious bodies, as well as your own. I seriously object to the, what seems to me, unscriptural practice of sprinkling and pouring water on individuals, and calling it baptism."

"Your objection certainly misses its mark this time. I think we ought to be commended for our liberality in giving people their choice."

"But are you people liberal in regard to baptism, Melvin?"

"Certainly. I do not see how you can entertain a doubt of that."

"Yet I do deny that there is any liberality about it," said Mary, smiling. "I claim they are partisan in this as in many other things. Of course, you understand I do not make the charge against the great mass of the Methodist people."

"On what grounds can you charge us with a lack of liberality in regard to baptism?"

"On the grounds of actual experience. The clergy take all the little infants they can get hold of, and do not ask them which they will have, or whether they will have either, and sprinkle water on their heads and call it baptism. Then when the individual gets old

enough to choose, he is coolly informed that the choice was made for him when an infant. Many times he is not satisfied, but he is told that it would be a serious reflection on his parents to call in question his baptism. Only yesterday, in conversation with Mrs. Erworth, a member of your church, and a very excellent, educated lady, she said she had always wanted to be baptized, that is, of course, as I claim, immersed, but she was informed by her friends that she was baptized in infancy, and to be immersed now would be impugning the piety of her deceased parents. She said this is the only thing that keeps her from being 'buried in baptism,' as that was the only baptism she could find in the New Testament. Now, she was not given her choice. You speak of the Methodist Church being liberal, which I think I have disproved, yet admitting, for sake of argument, that they are liberal, and that they are willing to accept as baptism either sprinkling, pouring or immersion, is their liberality right? Is it right for us to be liberal with other people's property?"

"Of course not. Mary, what do you mean by such a question?"

"I mean just this: Baptism is not our property. It belongs to the Lord, and we have no right to be liberal with it. There is nothing so exacting as truth. In fact, truth is illiberal, for it will not vary a hair's breadth to please any one. It may be distorted, perverted and misplaced, but it is the same unyielding truth after all."

"Yes, Mary, but may we not be mistaken? By being liberal we admit that others are as honest as ourselves."

"That is right; we ought to admit that thousands and tens of thousands are as honest as ourselves, but we need not admit they are right. Besides, why should we be liberal concerning baptism and not be liberal about everything else? Why not show as much liberality in regard to faith?"

"We should," answered the physician. "I think we ought to let every man believe as he pleases. That is what I am arguing for in regard to baptism; let every one accept which ever mode he wishes."

"Of course, we are obliged to let every one believe as he pleases, but shall we recognize any kind of faith as right?"

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"And why not, pray?"

"Because many of them are wrong. I will let people believe in Mohamet and Joseph Smith as true prophets, but I am not called upon to recognize these faiths as right, although entertained by many who are just as honest and sincere as myself; and yet, why may I not admit as many baptisms? The Lord, through his specially chosen apostle, says, 'There is one Lord, one faith, one baptism,' and I am forced to believe it."

"Yes, and I think that one baptism is Holy Ghost baptism; the question of water baptism is of little importance," confidently asserted the Doctor.

"If there is Holy Ghost baptism, then there should be no water baptism at all; yet your church practices what it calls water baptism. There is only one; which is it? I maintain no one in these days is baptized with the Holy Ghost."

"What do you mean? You do not pretend to say that I have not been baptized with the Holy Ghost?"

"Much as I dislike to deny your claim, I must say I do not think there is any one living

who has received the baptism of the Holy Spirit."

"Brother Menloe told me you people denied the operation of the Holy Ghost *in toto*, but I thought surely he was mistaken; but you have only confirmed his claim."

"On the contrary, no people believe more strongly in the operation of the Holy Spirit than the people called Disciples of Christ. We affirm that the Spirit is active in conversion, sanctification and redemption."

"I do not understand you at all, Mary. In one breath you seem to deny the influence of the Spirit; in the next, insist upon it. Please explain yourself."

"The whole difficulty with you, Melvin, as with thousands of others, is, you do not make any distinction in the office work of the Holy Spirit."

"What do you mean by distinction in office? Is not the Spirit one? If one, why should we make a distinction in work?"

"Because Christ and the apostles made the difference themselves. Just a little while before Jesus took his leave of his disciples, they being greatly cast down in anticipation of his

departure, he said unto them: 'But because I have said these things unto you sorrow hath filled your hearts. Nevertheless, I tell you the truth; it is expedient for you that I go away; for if I go not away the Comforter will not come unto you; but if I depart I will send him unto you. And when he is come he will reprove the world of sin and of righteousness and of judgment; of sin, because they believe not in me; of righteousness, because I go to my Father and ye see me no more; of judgment, because the prince of this world is judged. I have yet many things to say unto you, but ye cannot bear them now. Howbeit when he, the Spirit of truth, is come, he will guide you into all truth, for he shall not speak of himself, but whatsoever he shall hear that shall he speak, and he will show things to come' (Jno. 16:6-13). In the preceding chapter and the 26th verse he says: 'The Comforter which is the Holy Ghost.' Now, in the Scripture I have just quoted, we learn that the Holy Spirit was to operate in at least two distinct ways: To reprove the world, and to guide the apostles into all truth. This is two distinct works of one Spirit. Again, in the twelfth chapter of the

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First Corinthian letter, Paul says: 'Now there are diversities of gifts, but the same spirit; there are differences of administration, but the same Lord; and there are diversities of operations, but the same God that worketh all in all.' Now these Scriptures plainly show that the office work of the Holy Spirit is manifold. He was to reprove, inspire and guide. The apostles were baptized with the Holy Ghost, or rather, Holy Spirit, and this enabled them to speak in other tongues, and to be able to guide others into all truth."

"Were none but the apostles baptized with the Holy Ghost?" asked Dr. Harlow.

"Yes, there were a number of the disciples at Jerusalem who received this baptism of the Spirit, and then, eight years later, at the house of Cornelius, the Gentile centurion, there was another instance of the Holy Spirit baptism, since which time there has been no baptism of the Spirit. This baptism of the Spirit was God's *extraordinary* manifestation of his grace; the *gift* of the Spirit is his ordinary manifestation. The *extraordinary* has been done away; the *ordinary* remains. Every child of God re-

ceives the Spirit as a *gift*, but not as a baptism."

"I must confess I had never looked at it in that light before, but it does certainly appear reasonable. Well, I am willing to let the question of baptism pass altogether."

"Are you willing to admit that my objections to affusion are well founded?" asked Miss Ardmore.

"I am willing to admit that you have handled your side of the question very adroitly, to say the least," replied Dr. Harlow.

"Thank you for the compliment, but I do not care so much to be 'adroit,' as to be right. Am I right from a Bible standpoint?"

"Well, Mary, my judgment says you are right; my heart says you are wrong."

"And which is to decide this question, your enlightened judgment, or your early training and emotions that are the result of your affection for your childhood's religion?"

"I do not care to argue that point. Let us drop the entire baptismal question for the present, at least," urged the physician.

"As you insist so strongly I will do so, though there are a number of other points I

could make against affusion for baptism. We will take up our next item."

"Why, Mary, I certainly thought you were through," interposed the Doctor.

"Not yet; I shall expect you to state *all* your objections to the church to which I belong. I object to the modern idea of conversion that is entertained by the Methodist Church as well as by many others."

"By admitting that it is held by many, are you not making an argument in favor of the many?" interjected the Doctor.

"I think not. The many are not always, or even generally right. The many shouted, 'Crucify Him! Crucify Him!' in answer to Pilate's question, 'What shall I do then with Jesus that is called the Christ?' "

"Very true! very true! Proceed with your proposition."

"As I was about to say, I object to the modern theory of conversion. It is taught that the Spirit comes down in some weird manner and pardons the sinner."

"Well, does not the Spirit pardon the sinner?"

"Certainly not; God does the pardoning."

"Well that is the same. God and the Holy

Spirit are one. God pardons through the influence of the Holy Ghost."

"What do you mean, Doctor, by the 'influence of the Holy Ghost.'"

"I mean the Spirit comes and in a supernatural way pervades the entire being."

"Does He do this through or without means?" asked Mary.

"Without visible means. He doesn't need any."

"It isn't a question of what God needs, for he needs nothing; but it is a question of what he has promised. How do we know that God pardons alien sins (or any other for that matter) without means?"

"Why, by the Bible, of course," replied the young man.

"Then the Spirit uses visible means to inform us that he uses no means. Is that your idea?"

"No—I—well, I do not think the influence is always revealed to us."

"Then if not revealed to us, how do we know of his 'influence?'"

"Oh, by the thrilling sensations of soul that come to us."

"Yes, but how do we know from whence comes that thrilling soul sensation? It may come from above, or it may come from beneath, if we have no measure by which to test it."

'Oh, it is from above, as is evidenced by the joy that it brings. This influence of the Spirit is as flashes of light that flood the soul with glory."

"Yes, but the Savior said unto the seventy whom he sent out, on their return with boasting that even the demons were subject unto them: 'I beheld Satan as lightning fall from heaven.' So this 'light that floods the soul' may be Satanic rather than holy unless we have something by which we may measure it."

"Well, in a general way we do have the Bible to guide us in these matters, but of course the work of the Spirit cannot be measured by language."

"Well, Doctor, will you please tell me where the Bible says the Spirit operates without the intervention of means?"

"Oh, I do not call to mind where it is said in so many words that means were not used, but there are many places where it is taught by implication."

"Please cite me to one case of conversion in which *words* were not used."

"What of Saul's conversion?" asked the Doctor with a kind of a "now-I've-got-you" air. "He was certainly converted without words."

"I think not, Melvin."

"Why, was he not stricken down, and did not a flood of light encompass him?"

"Very true; and was not this phenomenon accompanied by a voice saying, 'Saul, Saul, why persecutest thou me?' and Saul said, 'Who art thou, Lord? and he said I am Jesus, whom thou persecutest.' So you see there were words used."

"I see I was mistaken about the absence of words, but you will surely admit that he was converted without any human agency?"'

"No, much as I would like to agree with you, in the light of New Testament teaching, I must say *Saul was not converted without human instrumentality*."

"Why, did not the Lord convert him when he struck him down?"

"I think not, Doctor, if Luke has given us a correct account of the matter, for after this Saul went three days without sight, when Ana-

nias, a human agent, came to him and said: 'And now why tarriest thou? arise and be baptized and wash away thy sins, calling on the name of the Lord' (Acts 9: 17, 18; 22: 16). So if he was converted when he was stricken down, it was a case of conversion without remission, for Ananias said: 'Arise and be baptized for the remission of sins.'"

"Oh, well, that baptism was only figurative," asserted Dr. Harlow.

"Whether figurative or not, Saul's sins had not been taken away, as he was commanded to do something to bring about that desirable result."

"It does look that way, I must confess. It is not as clear a case of human-unaided conversion as I had supposed. It does seem that man had something to do in the matter. But I suppose you will admit that the Lord appeared to Saul in a mysterious manner to convert him?"

"What does the Lord through Luke say about it? Please read Acts 26: 16."

The Doctor opened his Bible at the place and read: "But rise and stand upon thy feet; for I have appeared unto thee for this purpose; to make thee a minister and a witness both of

these things which thou hast seen and of those in which I will appear unto you."

"You see by this," continued Mary, "that the Lord did not appear unto him to convert him, but to make him a minister and a witness unto the Gentiles (22: 21). Saul was miraculously *called* to a special work, but he was converted as all others, for God is no respecter of persons. We should not get his call mixed up with his conversion. God miraculously called him and miraculously qualified him; he converted him and pardoned him in the ordinary way."

The physician shifted uneasily in his chair as he saw his religious props removed from under his early training, one by one, but putting on a bold front, he asked: "What are you going to do with the eunuch's conversion? Did not the Spirit figure very prominently in his turning to the Lord?"

"Certainly. The Spirit figures very prominently in *every* scriptural conversion. It is not in that the Spirit operates, is wherein we differ from our religious neighbors, but in *how*. In this case we find the Holy Spirit brings the preacher and the audience together. When

brought together, the eunuch is converted just as every one else, by the Word of truth. Paul tells us that 'it pleased God by the foolishness of preaching to save them that believe.' "

"We believe in preaching, so you need not object to our conversion on that ground. We believe in preaching to the entire world."

"I do not object on that ground, for I know you preach, but seriously, Doctor, I think many, very many of your ministers preach too much Methodism and too little Christ. They boast more of being Methodists than of being Christians. And in conversion they depend more on praying than on preaching."

"I think, Mary, you have unwittingly paid us a very high compliment in saying that we depend more on praying than on preaching. I am glad we do. I think we need prayers more than sermons."

"You seem to differ from Paul on that subject. He said, 'It hath pleased God by the foolishness of preaching'—not praying—'to save them that believe.' I do not believe in exalting prayer *less*, but preaching *more*. Now in your efforts in converting sinners you ask God by your prayers to come down to the sin-

ner, instead of by your preaching urge the sinner to come up to God."

"Oh, we do urge the sinner to come to God," insisted Dr. Harlow.

"True; but you first impress him with the idea that he can't come until he is supernaturally endowed with strength from on high, or that God will come down to him in some mysterious manner."

"Which you deny?" interrogatively added the Doctor.

"I most assuredly do. Doctor, if you will find just one case of mysterious conversion in the Bible, I will yield the whole controversy."

"I am afraid if I should find one, you would treat it as those I have already given."

"Those you have already given?" asked Mary in surprise. "Do you mean to insist that those cases given were mysterious?"

"Not from your point of vision."

"Candidly, Doctor, were they from any point of vision?"

"To be frank, I must admit they are not. I have been mistaken in the views I have held on those points."

"Then, Melvin, as the lawyers say, I will

'sum up my arguments,' and submit 'my case.' I briefly recapitulate: I objected to the name Methodist, and you sustained the objection, *i. e.*, that it is unknown to the Bible. I objected to the Discipline with like result. I objected to the machinery of the Methodist Church, and you virtually admitted I was right. I objected to six months' probation, and you freely admitted that you had no Scripture for it. I objected to infant church membership, and you waived the question. I objected to your theory of mysterious conversion, and you have virtually sustained my objection. While much more might be said on these subjects, I am here willing to 'rest my case.' Remove these objections and I will unite with the Methodist Church at once."

"Well, I suppose this is long enough session for this time, and I will reserve my objections to another time. I think you will find it much more difficult to *answer* objections than to *present* them."

"That may be true, but I am at least willing to try. If I cannot sustain my position by plain, scriptural reasoning, the sooner I know it the better. Truth is what I desire and what

you desire; it is that that will make us free from the bondage of error."

After a short talk not pertaining to Scripture, the disciple of Æsculapius took his leave.

CHAPTER IV.

"I commit my soul to the mercy of God, through our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ, and I exhort my dear children humbly to try to guide themselves by the teachings of the New Testament in its expressed spirit, and to put no faith in any man's new construction of its letter here or there."—*Charles Dickens, in his last will.*

THE day following the events recorded in the last chapter, Dr. Harlow was hurriedly sent for to see a child he had been attending, but before he reached the place, the "silent messenger" had called it "home."

The mother was almost beside herself with grief. She grieved at the loss of her darling child, but most of all that it had not been "christened." She was afraid it was lost. She had been brought up a devout Catholic, but being thrown among Protestants and becoming more enlightened, she had embraced the Methodist faith, yet much of her early teaching clung to her.

"Oh, Doctor!" she exclaimed on the arrival of the physician, "to think that my dear babe should be taken from me without being baptized! To think that it has gone to hell! The

thought is almost enough to drive me to distraction."

"Mrs. Covis, I am exceedingly surprised to hear you talk so, and to know that you entertain such an idea; that you should have the least fears as to the condition of your dear babe," chidingly replied the Doctor.

"Oh, Doctor, do you think my dear child is safe, is not lost?" asked the agonized mother with a gleam of hope in her countenance.

"Of course it is safe. Did not Jesus say, 'Of such is the kingdom of heaven?"

"Yes, but those were the ones he baptized were they not?"

"No, ma'am; for we do not know that he baptized any."

"Why, Brother Menloe said that as Jesus blessed little children it is reasonable to suppose that he baptized them."

"Yes, I know that is the popular idea with us, but the Bible doesn't intimate that there was any baptizing done."

"Then you think that my dear little Bessie is not lost?" inquired the anxious mother.

"I am sure she is not," confidently answered the physician.

"Oh, Doctor, you have relieved me so much! I have been taught that we are all sinners by nature, and that we must be baptized in infancy to take away original sin. If it doesn't take away original sin, of what value is it?"

"H'm,—well, it dedicates the child to God."

"Well, how can something undedicated be saved?" persisted the mother.

"Your babe is all right, Mrs. Covis. God will take care of the little ones. I wish I was as certain of heaven as your dear little child, that death has just released from your embrace."

"I am so glad to get these comforting words from you. It was hard enough to give her up without the awful thought that she was to be eternally lost. But if safe without baptism, what is the use of baptizing?"

"There is not much use of it," and the physician thought of his argument with Miss Ardmore on these lines.

After he had taken his leave, he soliloquized thus: "And infant baptism leads one into the silly belief that without it the child is lost! Folly, indeed! Well, I had not supposed that one could believe the little innocent babe lost

because it had not been baptized, and yet I see that is the logical outgrowth of the doctrine. If we are 'totally depraved by nature,' and the 'birth of water' is to take away 'original sin,' the logical conclusion would inevitably follow that without the taking away of that sin, the infant would be lost. But are we 'totally depraved by nature?' Totality means entirety. Then if we are wholly depraved, we can get no worse. According to that the little child is as bad as the worst criminal in the world. Satan cannot be more than *totally* corrupt, and that would say that the infant is as bad *as Satan* himself, which, of course, no one would accept. Thus cogitating he wended his way to his office, and sat himself down in deep study over the seemingly inexplicable mysteries of theology. Presently his pastor stepped in, and after a few pleasant words of greeting the young physician remarked:

"I am glad to see you, Brother Menloe. I am considerably bothered over religious matters. The fact is, the foundation of my faith is not as stable as I had supposed."

"Just as I feared," replied the minister. "I was afraid of that all the time. I was afraid

that your argument with that young lady would unsettle your faith. You are getting weaker and she is getting stronger, if such a thing were possible. I learned to-day that Miss Ardmore is more strongly convinced than ever of the soundness of her faith, and boasts of it. I suppose she will soon have you in the water."

"*She* will never get me into the water. If I am ever baptized it will be because God commands it."

"*If* you are ever baptized; as though you had never been baptized!"

"Oh, I suppose I was baptized when I was a babe."

"You 'suppose' you were. Can you doubt it? Can you doubt your parents' word in regard to your baptism?"

"Not in the least. I know I had what my parents *called* baptism, but I wish they had let me decide for myself. I know if I had never had what was even *called* baptism, I would be immersed inside of twenty-four hours."

"And thus bring a reproach upon the teachings of your glorified parents," testily replied the Rev. Mr. Menloe. The Doctor perceptibly paled, and the minister continued: "I suppose,

Doctor, that girl will draw you over to her church, and everybody will say, and with a considerable show of reason, that you went over in order to get her. That you couldn't get her without joining her church, so you gulped the whole thing down in order to get the woman."

"Which would be a positive falsehood," spiritedly exclaimed the physician.

Rev. Mr. Menloe, seeing that he could not "whip" his parishioner "back into the traces," remarked in a conciliatory tone, "Well, Brother Harlow, do just what you think right about it. You well know what your deceased parents would have you do."

This appeal to his dear parents again touched the Doctor's heart, and he replied: "I think they would have me do what I believe right about this matter. They were honestly and sincerely Methodists in their religion, and I honor them for it."

"Do you show your honor for them by being unsettled in the faith of their religion?"

"Brother Menloe, if every one had remained true to the faith of his ancestors, we would all be pagans to-day, for a few centuries ago our fathers were pagans of the worst kind."

"You surely do not compare the religion of your father and mother to that of the pagans?"

"I did not intimate anything of the kind. I only mentioned this to show that it has been a good thing for the world for *some* people to forsake their parents' religion."

"Of course it is right when the parents' religion is wrong; but that is not the case with you. Your parents' religion is right."

"Who is to be the judge of this matter?"

"Every one is to be his own judge," replied the minister.

"I thought from your inferences that the parents were to be the judges provided the particular religious ancestry did not happen to run back any further, in which case it would run back till it got to be something different from our own peculiar belief, and then it must stop."

"I see our controversy is fruitless; I do not think it, or yours and Miss Ardmore's will do any good." Thus the religious part of the conversation ended, and soon Rev. Mr. Menloe took his departure.

Dr. Harlow was not helped by his pastor, yet he was at heart still a Methodist, *because it was the religion of his childhood*, but his lately in-

structed judgment taught him that Methodism was not the doctrine of the Bible. It was a conflict between childhood and manhood, with childhood rather in the lead.

He went the following Tuesday evening to his would-be affianced with all the courage he could summon, for he realized that this was to be the decisive struggle. He had carefully prepared his objections to Miss Ardmore's religious views, yet he did not feel altogether sanguine of success.

Mary met him with her calm and pleasant greeting, yet there was a mighty conflict going on within her breast—a conflict between love and duty. Love bade her lay aside "this foolish controversy and wed Dr. Harlow." Duty said, "Whosoever will not forsake *all* for Christ's sake, is not worthy of the crown of life. If you are not true to God, how can you hope to be true to your husband."

Dr. Harlow introduced the subject of the evening by saying: "Well, Mary, I have come to present *my side* of this religious controversy, and I hope I can get you to see that there are two sides to this question."

"Oh, I have believed that all along, Doctor,"

replied Mary. "I have never doubted that there were two sides.'

"I am glad to hear you say so. I was afraid you thought it was all one-sided."

"Oh, no, I have been convinced all the time that there were two—a *right* and *wrong side*."

"Mary, I am afraid you are trifling with this question," lightly laughed the young man. "You know what I meant by two sides; two worthy our attention."

'Well, *that* is true. The wrong side is worthy our attention. Indeed, I am not sure but that the wrong demands our attention more than the right."

"But of course I meant two *right* sides."

"There cannot be two right sides to the same question in the very nature of the case. Two opposing lines of argument touching the same subject must differ, and one must *necessarily* be wrong. Both *may* be wrong—one *must* be wrong. There may be two or a dozen different lines of argument touching the same subject and all be wrong, but there can only be one right side. But proceed, Doctor, I do not wish to interrupt, and I hope you will pardon me for this intrusion."

"No need of any apology, Mary; I am only too glad to listen to you and wish to converse with you all through life. But to proceed. In the first place," looking at his notes, "I object to the stress you place on baptism. You make it too important."

"In what way?" inquired Mary.

"In that you teach it as one of the means of remission of alien sins. Now this is certainly wrong."

"Is baptism a command of God?"

"Certainly. I have never doubted that for one moment."

"Then to whom is this command given?"

"To the Christian, of course."

"Where in the New Testament can you find where any *Christian* was ever baptized?"

"Oh, all the way through. Was not Paul a Christian when be was baptized?"

"I think we found in our last investigation that he was not a Christian prior to his baptism."

"Well, why did Ananias call him 'brother?'"

"Because of their Jewish relationship. Paul afterward called the Pharisees who were trying to take his life, 'brethren' (Acts 23: 1), yet

that does not prove that they were Christians."

"Well, certainly, Cornelius and his household were Christians before they were baptized."

"What makes you think so, Doctor?"

"Why, did not Peter say, 'Who can forbid water, that these should not be baptized, who have received the Holy Ghost as well as we?' We learn from this that they had already received the Spirit before they were baptized."

"So did the beast upon which Balaam rode; the Spirit was given him before he was baptized," replied Miss Ardmore.

"You seem to be turning this into ridicule, Mary, when you compare Cornelius and his household with Balaam's beast."

"No, Doctor, you mistake. I did not make such a comparison. I do say, however, that the Spirit was given to the centurion and his house, and to Balaam's steed, for exactly the same purpose, viz.: *To speak in other tongues.* The Spirit was not given to remit the beast's sin, neither was it given to remit the sins of the first Gentile converts."

"Well, Mary, I must say you have a knack of turning everything your way beyond that of

anyone I ever met. You make everything *seem* so reasonable."

"That is because truth is reasonable. One truth agrees with every other truth in the universe, and when once we get the key, it is not difficult to explain all needful truth."

"But, candidly, Mary, do you think that remission of sins is dependent on baptism?"

"Of alien sins I do believe that baptism is one of the conditions of pardon, but only as it is connected with its antecedents."

"Let us have some Scripture to sustain you in your position, as that is our guide in this matter."

"Very well; I am glad you demand proof. Jesus in giving the commission to his apostles, said: 'Go ye therefore and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost;' or, as given by Mark: 'Go ye therefore and preach the gospel to every creature; he that believeth and is baptized, shall be saved, but he that believeth not shall be damned,' or condemned. Now, according to the Savior's declaration, three things were necessary: Preaching the Gospel, believing it, and being baptized. Had

Jesus said, 'He that believes shall be saved, and he ought to be baptized,' then it would do to say that baptism is unimportant; but when the Savior himself connects it with faith and the preaching of the Gospel, I do not see how we dare say it is of little importance. Again: Peter told a heart-pierced multitude to 'Repent and be baptized for the *remission of sins*,' not to 'fulfill a Christian duty,' as many seem to think. In this case, as in the other, we find that remission of sins is conditioned upon repentance and baptism. Were it necessary, we might cite the case of Saul, to which we have already referred, to show that the 'washing away of sins' was dependent on his baptism. The jailer and his house rejoiced *after* their baptism, not before. We might show a number of other cases where remission comes after faithful obedience, or an obedience full of faith."

"Why, Mary, you seem to teach that a man cannot be saved without being baptized. That is wherein I claim you lay too much stress on baptism."

"I do not know what God will do outside of what he has revealed. I *know* he has bound

us to baptism. He may not have bound himself. I am inclined to think that God will save countless thousands who have not been baptized, and who have not even believed."

"How do you make that out?" asked the Doctor. "Where is there any Scripture for that view?"

"In the same place where you find we can be saved without baptism."

"Well, where is that?"

"In Rom. 2: 14, 15, Paul, in speaking of those without the law, *i. e.*, without the knowledge of right and wrong, says: 'These, having not the law, are a law unto themselves: which show the work of the law written in their hearts, their conscience also bearing witness, and their thoughts the meanwhile accusing or else excusing one another.' In this it is shown that there are those who do not know God's law, who are a law unto themselves. If they live up to the highest standard they have learned, whether that standard be high or low, they will be saved, for God judges men and women by the standard of opportunities they possess. If an individual lives up to the very best light he has, whether that light be great or small, he will be saved,

even though he does not believe, if he has not had an opportunity of learning."

"That looks reasonable, to say the least," replied the physician, "but we are not dealing with the heathen; we are dealing with enlightened men and women of the nineteenth century, who have the Gospel, and it seems preposterous to suspend remission of alien sins on baptism."

"The infidel claims that it is preposterous to suspend salvation on the death of Christ. His argument is just as *scriptural* as yours. The fact is, Doctor, that while the religion of Christ is not against nature, it is *supernatural*. It is above and beyond nature."

"But baptism makes remission dependent on the second person," persisted Dr. Harlow.

"Well, do you read anywhere of any person being saved without the intervention of the second person? Do you find where any person was saved without preaching, and do you find where anyone preached to himself? Even the devout eunuch, although earnestly trying to find 'the way' by the careful perusal of the sacred Scriptures, had a preacher sent to him to show him the way of life, and to baptize him

(Acts 8: 26-39). But we can shorten this part of the discussion very much, I think. Do you believe baptism is a command of God?"

"Oh, certainly, certainly."

"Then we need not argue about the stress put upon it. We do not demand that every person coming into our fellowship shall believe that baptism is in order to the remission of alien sins, but we do demand that he shall believe in Jesus enough to desire to obey him in baptism, whether he fully understands all about it or not, save that it is to obey Jesus. Our faith is not in the *command*, but in the *One who commands*. Doctor, you believe that if one obeys the commands, baptism with all the rest, he is all right, do you not?"

"Of course. I insist that one ought to obey all the commands, baptism with the others."

"Then why should we be trying to see how *little* we can do and be saved, instead of trying to see how much we *ought* to do? Even if we could be saved without baptism (which I concede is possible under certain conditions), why should we want to be when we admit it to be a positive command?"

"To be honest about it, we ought not. That

objection did not have as much force in it as I had supposed. I will proceed with my second:

"I object to your church because of its abuse of other denominations. In almost every pulpit other religions are held up to ridicule."

"I am sorry to admit that there is some force to this objection, but not as much as you suppose. Many of our pulpits do not do that. We have a few pulpiteers who unmercifully lampoon other religions. I think if the preacher gets up and faithfully preaches the Gospel, and says nothing about the Methodists, Baptists, etc., that would be enough. The *Gospel* says nothing about them, why should the Gospel preacher?"

"Mary, you give us a harder lick than those you condemn."

"In what way, please?" innocently inquired Miss Ardmore.

"In saying those religions are not mentioned in the Bible?"

"Well, are they? If the Methodist, Baptist and Congregationalist churches are mentioned in the Bible, I have failed to find them. Where are they spoken of, Doctor?"

"They are not mentioned at all, of course, as you well know, and there is where you have the advantage."

"Then why complain of my giving you such a hard 'lick,' when you admit what I say as being true? And here is where our preachers are often misrepresented; they tell the truth. They tell it in a plain, pointed way that fits so closely that somebody's religious corns are pressed and he begins to complain at the close fit."

"Well, do you admit that my second objection is well taken?"

"I will admit that we have indiscreet preachers as well as others. Our pulpits, as well as those of our religious neighbors, have been cursed by unworthy men, but I am not willing to admit that our preachers, as a whole, are too pugilistic. In fact, I see rather the spirit of compromise, which is a cause of sorrow instead of joy."

"I should think you would rejoice that there is more and more the spirit of brotherly kindness being shown."

"I *do* rejoice at the growth of the spirit of brotherly kindness that is being manifested

everywhere, but I do not think we should try to gain brotherly kindness at the sacrifice of truth. Compromise has been the curse of all ages. Balaam failed to curse Israel by prophecy, and after repeated attempts gave it up and accomplished by compromise what he had sought by other means. I believe we ought to call sin, SIN. I believe we ought to condemn sectism, both publicly and privately. This should not be done in a vindictive or vituperative manner, neither in the spirit of ridicule, but with a burning love for the truth."

"Well, I suppose we can not arrive at any positive understanding on this point, as it is a question largely of opinion. I know we have preachers that ought to be at some other calling. I will therefore waive that objection. I next object to weekly communion. It seems to me that using the sacrament so often you make it too common, therefore it loses its significance. I think if we use it less frequently, it will have more weight."

"How often did the priests under the law eat the shew-bread?"

"Every Sabbath, I suppose."

"Was that too often, think you? Do you

suppose it would have had more weight had they practiced this monthly or yearly?"

"Perhaps not; but communion is different. The shew-bread was for priests only, while the communion is for all the children of God."

"I think it is precisely the same," replied the young lady, "except there were twelve loaves under the law, to represent the twelve tribes of Israel, while there is but one loaf now to represent the 'one body' (Eph. 4: 4). The twelve loaves were for priests under the law, while the one loaf is for priests under the Gospel, for John on the isle of Patmos, in writing to the seven churches of Asia, commends unto them the benedictions of the seven spirits and Jesus, and says that Jesus had washed them with his own blood, and had made them kings and priests unto God. But as you object to weekly communion, please tell me how often you think we ought to commune?"

"Oh, I think about every quarter; that is, four times a year."

"Why do you say four times a year? Why not five times a year? Why not once a month or once a year? Why do you fix it at once a quarter? Your Scripture for that time, please."

"Oh, to be sure we have no Scripture for any definite time, but in the absence of Scripture we must fix on some time, so we have chosen the quarterly plan."

"You are mistaken, Doctor, in saying we have no definite time fixed in the sacred Scriptures, for they are very definite as regards the time."

"Pray tell us how often the Bible commands us to commune."

"You will certainly agree with me that what the early Christians practiced under the direct personal supervision of the inspired apostles must have been right. Do you accept that as true?"

"Yes, I would agree that what they practiced was certainly right."

"Well," continued Mary, "in Acts 20: 7, we find those early Christians in the full blaze of inspiration, only twenty-five years from the cross, meeting upon the 'first day of the week to break bread.' It is universally conceded by commentators that this has reference to the communion. Matthew Henry says: 'They came together to break bread, that is, to celebrate the ordinance of the Lord's Supper; that

one instituted sign of breaking the bread being put for all the rest.' Dr. Albert Barnes, than whom there is no higher authority in the Presbyterian Church, says of this Scripture: 'To break bread. Evidently to celebrate the Lord's Supper.' John S. Howson, D. D., with Conybeare, author of Life of St. Paul, says in speaking of this meeting at Troas: 'They celebrated the Eucharistic feast.' We might cite many other authorities to prove that this was the communion."

"But do you not see in that verse that Paul preached to them. Perhaps if he had not been there they would not have met."

"Luke says the purpose of their coming together was to *break bread.* Paul's preaching was merely incidental. They met to break bread, or commune, and they met upon the first day of the week for that purpose."

"But the historian does not say that they met upon *every* first day of the week to 'break bread.' "

"It would have been a very awkward way of putting it, to say the least, had he done so. When God said to the Jews, 'Remember the

Sabbath day to keep it holy,' what Sabbath did he mean?"

"Why, he meant every Sabbath of course," answered the young man.

"Then when Luke says those Christians at Troas met 'to break bread' upon the first day of the week, which first day did he mean?" asked Mary.

"According to your logic, he meant *every* first day."

"I did not ask you to decide according to my 'logic,' as you say, but do not the Sabbath and first day expressions have exactly the same grammatical construction?"

"I must confess they do."

"Then why censure us for the frequent observance of the Lord's Supper, when you admit we are only following the practice of the early Christians as attested by writers both sacred and profane. We learn that it was the custom of the early Christians to meet upon the first day of every week, break bread, sing hymns and exhort one another to faithful continuance in well doing. Mosheim says they derived this pious custom from the Church at Jerusalem,

and that it was *founded upon the express appointment of the apostles!*"

"Mary,' I must confess I did not know that there was so much evidence in favor of weekly communion, and I herewith withdraw my last objection. I will submit no more. The controversy is ended so far as I am concerned. I will frankly admit that you have beaten me in argument. While you have not convinced me on all points, I am sure I have convinced you on none. You understand the Bible much better than I do. In the main, I am convinced that you are right, but something seems to tell me you are wrong. You have convinced my judgment against my heart. Were I to go into the Christian Church, or Church of Christ, as you prefer to call it, I would go in without my heart—hence it would be a heartless service, therefore valueless."

"True, true, Doctor. Much as I desire you to become a member of the Church of Christ, I do not wish you to do so unless there is a full enlistment of 'spirit, soul and body.' I do not wish you to come for my sake, but for truth's sake."

"Well, I must study over this matter further.

Of one thing I am sure; I can not ask you to come with me. I know if there is any change it must be on my part. If this matrimonial subject is not settled soon, I shall leave my childhood's home and America's broad expanse, within a short time, perhaps never to return."

"What, Doctor, do you intend a trip to foreign lands?" asked Miss Ardmore with a touch of pathos in her voice, while tears stood in her beautiful blue eyes.

"Yes, Mary, I must try to shake off this love I have for you. It is consuming my life. But I must bid you adieu for the evening," and the young physician took his leave, while Mary, throwing herself upon a sofa, gave way to a violent fit of sobbing. After growing calmer, she took hope in the thought that her lover, after calmly reviewing the ground, would yield his heart to that, that as he had already admitted, his better judgment had given assent. But in this she was doomed to disappointment. False friends with lynx-eyed cunning watched his every movement, and strove in every possible way to embitter him against Miss Ardmore's position, often falsely representing her views. They appealed to his deceased parents' mem-

ory, and these things had their effect, as the sequel will show.

In a few weeks after the last recorded interview—though they had met frequently in the interval, religious subjects had been studiously avoided by both—Dr. Harlow went to the Ardmore home to bid his beloved good-bye. After conversing a short time in a general way, he said:

"Well, Mary, I have come to bid you farewell. I start for New York to-morrow and sail on the Etruria next Tuesday."

A deathly pallor o'erspread his listener's face. Continuing, he said:

"I have studied this question over carefully, and the more I study it the more I am convinced in judgment that you are right, but my heart remains the same. I could not be true to you unless I were true to my honest convictions of what I believe. I suppose it is not for us to wed, but *I never expect to wed any other woman.* I feel like I am going out as a wanderer. I expect to travel for a few years, and in the meantime you will marry, then I may come back and settle down to the humdrum of bachelor life."

"I never will marry any other man than you, Dr. Harlow. Wherever you may travel, it matters not in what clime or country, you will carry with you the heart of Mary Ardmore. I will love you, pray for you, and wish you abundant success in your earthly undertakings, and when you change your mind and take unto yourself a wife, as you doubtless will, she will have no better friend than she who now with an almost broken heart, bids you farewell."

Reader, let us draw the veil over their parting.

CHAPTER V.

"Oh, hearts that break and give no sign
Save whitening lip and fading tresses,
Till Death pours out his cordial wine,
Slow-dropped from Misery's crushing presses.

"If singing breath or echoing chord
To every hidden pang were given,
What endless melodies were poured,
As sad as earth, as sweet as heaven."

—*O. W. Holmes.*

TIME, and sometimes a very small part of it, works wondrous changes. In a few months after the departure of Doctor Harlow, an epidemic of something like the la grippe struck Brookfield, and many elderly people succumbed to its deadly power, among them being Mr. and Mrs. Ardmore, the father and mother of Mary.

They took ill about the same time and died only ten hours apart, and were interred in the same wide grave. They walked together in life, they lay down together in death, and will rise together in the resurrection of the Just.

The children were terribly broken up over the death of their parents. The loss of the father was soon apparent in business. The

daughters had allowed Henry to retain all their father's estate in business, but times growing dull, business dropped off, and then, thinking to retrieve his losses, he entered into partnership with a young man of reputed honor. But this was a sad day from a financial standpoint for the Ardmore heirs. In a few months the business became hopelessly involved, the new partner "skipped" to parts unknown with all the ready cash he could lay hands upon, so that upon examination after the wreck, it was found that everything was gone. Their old home, their carriages—everything swept away. The children, who had been reared in affluence, but not in idleness, were absolutely penniless.

Della married a rising young lawyer of Brookfield, who was in good financial circumstances, so that the loss did not fall heavily upon her. Henry accepted a position as clerk in the firm of Beswick, Treat & Co., while Mary accepted a position as stenographer in the "Merchants Exchange" bank. One day, in glancing over the columns of a daily paper published in J——, a city of some forty thousand inhabitants, about fifty miles from Brookfield, in the "Want" column she saw a call for a "Governess for

three darling children. Best of wages paid to the right person. Apply or write to Mrs. J. H. Esterly, 319 Drexel Boulevard."

Mary always loved children, and she thought, "Why may I not be a success as a governess? It is a humdrum life, I suppose, but is not typewriting? I believe I will apply."

She at once wrote and made application for the place. She made a simple statement of her past life, and how she had been reduced to the necessity of accepting some such work. The only special qualification she thought she had was her love for children. On the third day she received a letter from Mrs. Esterly requesting her to come at once on two months' trial. She would pay her ten dollars per week and board for that time, and if they suited each other she would increase her wages.

This was much better than Miss Ardmore anticipated, so without even bidding her brother and sister good-bye, as she knew they would strenuously oppose her going, she took the train the next morning, and by ten o'clock was at the Esterly mansion, where she was duly installed as governess.

It will be proper to describe the Esterlys.

Mr. Esterly was president of the First National Bank, the largest banking institution in the city. He was worth an even million dollars. He was strictly a business man of the world. He scorned little trickery, but thought it honorable to get a man in a tight place and legally rob him of ten thousand dollars. He was past forty before he formed a matrimonial alliance, when he became infatuated under gas jets with the painted beauty of a society belle, Miss Estella Beverly. After marriage he found the awful mistake he had made, but in a general way he was a man of honor, and so he determined to make the best of a bad bargain.

How can reliable business men hope to form pleasant homes with fashionable women? The thing is impossible. Mr. Esterly went out after the thing nearest his heart—money, and allowed his wife to worship her divinity—pleasure.

At the time of introduction to the reader they had been married fifteen years. Three children had been born to them—Melton, twelve, Stella, ten, and Leta, six years of age. These were the "darlings" Mary was to "govern." She soon found that the "governing" business was not all sunshine, and the two older children

were far from being what she esteemed as "darlings." But Leta, the youngest, was one of sweetest children she had ever met. She was very delicate and could not engage in the romps in the nursery with Melton and Stella; yet she was wise beyond her years. She read quite well and conversed in such an intelligent manner that Miss Ardmore was often startled at her precocity. She resembled neither her father nor mother, and seemed isolated in feelings from both to a certain extent. She was exceeding loving and lovable in disposition, but got few caresses from her mother, who did not consider it "fashionable" to caress children, and caressed "Dotty," her pet poodle, more than she did them. It is wonderful the amount of "poodle love" there is lying around loose in fashionable circles!

Melton was extremely selfish, arrogant and cruel. At school, where he attended two hours every day in special studies, he often had trouble with teachers and pupils. He often knocked his sisters around. One day in the nursery he raised his stick to strike Leta, and Mary threw out her hand and received the blow

instead. Be it said to his credit he turned shamefacedly away.

Stella was peevish, sullen and unlovable. The children had been allowed everything they wanted. Their wills had not been checked. Their mother was with them but little, as she could not spare the time from balls, parties, theatres, cards, etc. Sometimes Melton and Stella would anger her, and she would burst out into a violent fit of scolding, and then in two minutes afterward tell them they were good children and she was sorry she had scolded them.

I hereby submit this recipe for spoiling children: Scold them one minute and pet them the next, and then tell them you are sorry you reproved them.

Parents, if this doesn't spoil your children they are "spoil-proof." Scolding ought never to be resorted to, but kind, firm reproof must frequently be used if you would have the child-mind guided right.

Mary had hard work the first two months, and had it not been for the great love she had formed for little Leta, she would have declined further engagement, but as it was, she engaged

indefinitely. Leta loved Mary so well that Mr. Esterly told her to name her price and she should have it. She hesitated. He asked her if one thousand dollars a year would be sufficient. She told him that she did not think her services worth that, but the banker insisted on paying that price, and Mrs. Esterly warmly seconded the proposition. So it was settled that Mary remain indefinitely at a salary of one thousand dollars a year and board.

Mary did not like the Esterly home for one reason—it was a worldly home, if it might be called a home. It was not a house of prayer. But she reasoned: "May not God have sent me into this home? In the hearts of these children I may sow seeds that will in time bear fruit to God. Besides, I cannot bear to leave Leta. She is the only one I have in the world to especially love. It seems that I am not permitted to love any human being long. Even my darling Leta won't be with me long! Oh, God, give me grace to thank thee for thy chastisement!" Thus soliloquized the homeless girl.

She told the children Bible stories and sang hymns to them. After she had been there a

year quite a change was noticable in Melton. Even his parents noticed it. He was kinder, more attentive to his lessons, and seldom had a fight, and when he did it was in defense of a weaker playmate.

His teacher said to him one day: "Melton, what has come over you in the last year? You used to be one of the worst boys in school, and now you are one of the best. In a few days you will be promoted. I am sorry to lose you."

"I don't know what the difference is, Miss Berry, unless it is the influence of Miss Ardmore, who came to our house about a year ago. The girls we had before her were either giddy and foolish, or else irritable and cross; but Mary Ardmore is neither. My mother is, as you doubtless know, a woman of the fashionable world, as father is a man of the business world. Our house has been more like home since Mary Ardmore came than any time in my life. Oh, Miss Berry, I wish mamma was like Miss Ardmore."

There was such a soul-hungering for mother-love manifest in the boy's tones that the heart of the teacher was touched, and the tears welled up into her eyes as she replied: "Well, Melton,

be kind to your mother, and perhaps after awhile she will get tired of fashion, and love it less and home more. Melton, make home attractive to your mother by being kind and loving."

Mary took the children to Sunday-school every Lord's day, and often took the two older ones to the Church of Christ in the evening. Mrs. Esterly did not care what religious instruction her children had, or whether they had any. She did not wish them to associate with the "low and vulgar" class. By this she meant the poor class. When Mary took charge of them they were associating with the most vulgar and wicked children in the city, but they were children of wealthy parents, so they were all right in Mrs. Esterly's estimation. Oh, money, how false thy friendship!

After Mary had been in J—— a little over a year, an event occurred which bound her more firmly than ever to the Esterlys. One Saturday afternoon, in the latter part of July, the Esterlys, the Hermanns, the Moores, and two or three more of the aristocratic families in their neighborhood, went out to a beautiful grove some two miles from the city, to have a little

outing—the first time in their lives that the Esterlys had all been out together. It was through Mary this had been accomplished.

When they arrived at the grove, hammocks were stretched and games were started. The men took themselves off at a little distance to talk over the financial outlook of the country; the women sat and gossiped, and the children romped, except little Leta. She sat off to one side in her little velvet chair, quietly holding her doll. Mary was master (?) of ceremonies, though she did not get far away from Leta. The grove was situated on the public highway, and little Leta was sitting on the side nearest the road in the shade of a thick foliaged tree. All at once a noise was heard, and the cry was but too well understood: "Mad dog! Mad dog!" A rabid dog was seen approaching, with tongue protruding, froth flying, and snapping at imaginary objects about him. He came straight toward where Leta was sitting. Mrs. Esterly, who was some distance away, cried out: "Oh, Leta will be bitten!" and swooned away. Melton ran screaming toward his papa, who was still farther away. The dog was pursued by several men, but they dared not fire lest they

kill the child. With rare presence of mind, Miss Ardmore quickly sprang to the carriage that stood near, and, snatching a silken shawl from the seat, sprang between the savage canine and her darling Leta, and, with a wonderful deftness, threw the shawl over the head of the enraged brute, and giving it a quick turn encircled its neck until the animal was choked, and one of the pursuers quickly dispatched it with his revolver.

"Bravo!" shouted the men as Mary, weak and trembling, arose from her knees, to which she had been thrown in her struggles with the infuriated beast.

She was the heroine of the hour, for they all well knew that had it not been for her rare presence of mind and the wonderful tact displayed in manifesting it, the banker's little daughter would have been bitten by the rabid canine.

Mr. Easterly thanked her in a business-like way, but Mrs. Easterly was especially profuse in her expressions of gratitude, and to Melton, "Miss Mary," as the children called her, was but a little removed below the angels.

On the Tuesday following the episode of Sat-

urday, Mr. Esterly handed Mary a check for a thousand dollars, "as a slight token of our appreciation of your noble and dangerous effort in saving our child." Miss Ardmore was almost overcome with astonishment as she replied:

"Why, Mr. Esterly, I did not save your child for reward, but because I couldn't well help it; I love Leta so well."

"That is the reason your dangerous service was all the more valuable. I do not wish you to think that a thousand dollars is my estimate of your priceless service. It is priceless, therefore, beyond monetary measurement, but we feel inexpressibly grateful, and wish to give you this slight token of our gratitude in this way. I would, of course, be willing to give up all I possess rather than to part with my dear little Leta. The bite of the dog might not have proven fatal, but I am profoundly thankful that we did not have to put it to the test."

Miss Ardmore accepted the money with thanks, and said she would try to use the money to a good purpose, and she thought of the many homes and hearts she might make glad with the princely gift, for she did not need it so far as her own personal wants were concerned, yet

she did not propose to squander it in aimless charity, without having some idea as to whom it should be applied.

While Mary was pleasantly situated, so far as temporal things were concerned, yet hers was a humdrum life, as she thought. She had no taste or time for fashionable life, and she could not do as much church work as she would have done had her time been her own; yet she taught a class of boys in Sunday-school of Melton's age, a number of whom became earnest Christians later on through her influence. She little knew what she was doing. Oh, ye weary, discouraged teachers, take heart. You may be sowing now in tears what you will doubtless reap in joy.

Mary visited her pupils as often as circumstances would permit. One Lord's day, missing one of her pupils from the class she asked:

"Where is Henry Trevis? Do any of you know?"

"Yes, ma'am, Henry is sick," replied George Brown. "I heard he was sick and I went to see him yesterday; and oh, Miss Mary, they are so poor! They are too proud to ask for anything, but they are dreadfully poor."

"I am glad you told me, George. I shall visit him. I want you boys to tell me of any persons in distress."

That afternoon Mary asked Melton to go with her to visit Henry Trevis. George Brown had given about the location, but it was with considerable trouble they found the exact house, as the Trevis family had been living there but a short time. At last they climbed a rickety stairway and knocked gently on the door. It opened, and an intelligent but careworn and poorly-clad woman bade them enter. Everything was scrupulously clean, but the bare floor and walls, the broken stove with scanty fire within, the few dilapidated pieces of furniture, only too eloquently betrayed the poverty of the occupants of this domicile.

In one corner, on an excuse for a bed, lay the object of their visit, and by his side sat a little cripple girl, doubtless his sister. These, with the mother, constituted the family. The little sick boy—about fourteen years of age—seemed very much pleased to see his teacher, but was too sick to converse much.

Mary asked what the doctor pronounced the illness to be, and the tears came to the eyes of

the lady as she said there had been no doctor called.

"Well, dear lady, your son is quite sick and he ought to have medical attention. He is my pupil at Sunday-school. Will you allow me to call a physician for that reason?"

The lady giving her consent, Melton was dispatched to the drug store near by to telephone to Dr. Poler to come at once, and received word he would come immediately, so Mary waited to see what he should declare the disease to be, though she strongly suspected it to be a severe case of pneumonia.

When the physician arrived and had carefully examined the case, he confirmed Miss Ardmore's diagnosis and said the boy had already gone too long without medical assistance.

Mary took a mental inventory of the surroundings, and told Mrs. Trevis she would take the matter in hand as to caring for him as far as the expenses were concerned. She sent some things up that evening, and also sent a nurse to give the weary mother rest.

The next day many things were sent, fuel, food, etc., and for a long time Mary visited there every day, but with all their attention,

little Henry, for he was small of his age, grew worse and worse, and one evening Miss Ardmore saw the end of his earthly career was near at hand, and decided to remain through the night.

The little fellow was delirious. He imagined for a moment that he was at his post, and he would hold up imaginary messages and read the address and say: "I must hurry. I want to do my work well, for mamma and Tessie are not able to work. Another message did you say, Mr. Turner? All right, this is to Joseph Barnes, 516 Washington Ave. Yes, I know where that is." He lay quiet for a few moments and then partially raising himself and falling back, he said: "I can repeat the Golden Text, Miss Mary."

"What is it, Henry?"

"'In my Father's house are many mansions. I go to prepare a place for you.' Yes, I know where it is—I'll carry the message—this is from mamma and Tessie, and oh! ever so many more! Mamma, if I don't get back don't wait for me. Oh! I see a band of angels coming! I'll get to ride home. I'll tell—" but he told the rest to the angels, for the little lips were forever closed on earth—the little messenger

boy had borne his last message and that was to the "House of Many Mansions!"

Some three months before his death, Henry Trevis became obedient to the Gospel of Christ, and had been very faithful ever since. He was given a decent burial from the church, and many were the tears shed as Elder Bailey told of little Henry's last message.

Miss Ardmore found a good position for Mrs. Trevis in a millinery establishment, as she had formerly followed that occupation, where she made a comfortable living for herself and little crippled girl. It was only a few weeks after Henry's death that his mother, who had never made a profession of religion, obeyed the Gospel and became an earnest disciple of Christ.

We have not time to describe Miss Ardmore's life in detail—indeed, we only purpose to touch upon some of the more prominent events in her life. She had been in the Esterly home three years when an event occurred which threatened to separate her from the Esterlys forever.

Mrs. Esterly had been talking for some time about getting a dancing master to instruct her children at home, so that they could "appeah" well in "saciety." She said she felt ashamed

that she had neglected this so long, but she had been "so busy," and yet she didn't do a single valuable act of service to a single individual. People can, however, be busy in doing worse than nothing. It was, therefore, arranged that Melton and Stella be taught lessons in dancing once a week. Mary had often talked to them about the evils of the ball-room, card-table, etc. One day as Mary and the children were in the study together, Melton asked, "Miss Mary, do you think dancing is wrong?"

"Why, Melton, that depends. If you and Stella and Leta get out here and all dance and romp together in a good-humored way, I think it would be all right. Or for the inmates of the insane asylums to dance is very good exercise, but for intelligent men and women to mix up in the modern dance as they do, I think is an abomination under the sun."

"Well, do you think mamma is doing right in teaching us to dance?"

"Melton, it is very hard for me to tell a child that his parents are wrong, but I must certainly say I think your mother is taking the wrong course."

"Well, I do not want to dance," replied Mel-

ton. "Why, Miss Mary, that French dancing-master that mamma has employed is one of the worst drunkards and gamblers in the town. The idea of having him teach my sister how to appear in society! What ought I to do?"

"Go to your mamma, and tell her that you do not think it is right, that you would rather wait until you become older to decide this question, and beg her to excuse you from learning now."

"But in case she refuses?"

"Then appeal the case to your father."

"But suppose the supreme court confirms the rulings of the lower?" facetiously added the boy.

"We will not allow such a supposition. At least it will then be time to decide when we have had such a ruling from the higher court."

That afternoon Mrs. Esterly came in from one of her fashionable society jaunts and languidly threw herself upon a gorgeously upholstered divan. Presently the children came before her to state their objections to learning to dance. They faithfully reported what had been said that morning in the study. Mrs. Esterly was almost beside herself with wrath. "To

think that upstart should try to dictate to me what I should teach my children! I took her in when she had no home, and we have given her a good home and 'social influence,' and this is the way she returns my kindness. Go bring her here and I will bring her down a 'a notch or two.' "

In a few moments Mary, leading Leta by the hand, heralded by Melton and Stella, came into the room where the incensed mother, half reclining, was waiting to receive them. She began: "So you have been meddling with my children's affairs that do not concern you. Teaching them to disobey their mother!"

"No, mamma; she didn't teach us to disobey you. She only told us to beg you to excuse us from learning to dance at present," interposed Stella.

"Hold your tongue, young 'sauce-box,' and speak when you are addressed," savagely retorted the angry mother. "What have you to say to this, Miss Ardmore?"

"I have only to say what Stella has already told you. I told them that modern dancing is an abomination, and I have no apology to offer for saying what I know to be true."

"Yes, and you compared me and others of the highest society, to lunatics and only fit subjects for the asylum."

"No, Mrs. Esterly, I did no such a thing. I said I thought dancing among the inmates of asylums quite harmless, as they are not responsible for their actions. I do not think that all who dance are lunatics, by any means, but many of the inmates of asylums can dance more elegantly than the most polished scholars, for usually the scholar puts in his time training his brain, while the lunatic puts in his time training his heels. It is heel training versus head training."

"Well, I would have you know that all those in the best society dance," spiritedly retorted Mrs. Esterly.

"That depends entirely on what we call 'best society,'" replied Mary. "If by that we mean those who never labor any, who have plenty of money to squander in reckless living, never caring for anything but to have a 'good time,' as they call it, I suppose you are right. But if by 'best society' we mean what it ought to mean, those who are cultured in heart as well as in

mind, those who are striving to make the world better by their self-forgetfulness, then I insist those in the '*best society*' *do not dance*."

"Why, even many of your church members dance."

"I am sorry to admit that this is true, but that does not make it right. Church members sometimes lie, and steal, and swear, and do many other things contrary to the will of God, but they are not right because engaged in by unworthy church members. Those church members who dance are not our active, earnest, prayer-meeting, Sunday-school, Christian Endeavor, family religion Christians. We never count on them in the *real spiritual* work of the church."

"Well, I do not care to talk about religion. *I hate it.* But I don't want your meddling with my children, and if you intend to keep it up the sooner you leave the better."

"I shall teach your children what I believe to be right so long as I am their governess. I have done nothing wrong and have no confession, retraction, or apology, to offer."

"Then you may consider yourself dismissed.

You may leave in the morning, as I shall not tolerate any interference with my arrangements."

Was the young lady dismissed?

CHAPTER VI.

Ye have sinned against the Lord: and be sure your sin will find you out. (Num. 32:23.)

A faithful adherence to the right, and an unswerving allegiance to duty, may bring temporary discomfiture and momentary sorrow, yet in the end, they will bring an hundred fold harvest in this life, and in the world to come a star-gemmed crown of glory.—*Author.*

I would rather die a thousand deaths by torture than lose my faith that there is a God who will bring order out of this chaos of broken, thwarted lives, of which this world is full, and that those who seek a "happier shore" will eventually find it.—*E. P. Roe.*

MARY ARDMORE began to make her arrangements at once to take her departure from the Esterly mansion. She was exceeding sad at the thought of leaving the children, especially her little pet, Leta. The children all began to cry and beg piteously for Mary to stay, but the mother was defiant, and Mary would not cringe to a slave of fashion. About this time Mr. Esterly came home, and made inquiry into the cause of the hubbub. Mrs. Esterly replied: "Miss Mary has become so exceedingly officious that she is meddling with my arrangements,

and teaching my children it is wrong to dance and play cards and such innocent amusements. And I gave her to understand that if she intended to persist in this she might leave at once."

"Did she *forbid* the children learning to dance?" inquired Mr. Esterly.

"Oh, no, she didn't dare to go that far, but taught the children that it was wrong, and now they come to me and beg me to excuse them. It seems she has more influence over my children than I have myself."

"Well, wife, that isn't strange; she has been with them almost constantly, especially the girls, for almost three years, and you have not been with them half that time in all their lives. I want it understood that the children shall not learn to dance if they do not want to. I think their mother does enough dancing for the entire family." Turning to Mary: "Miss Mary, I wish you to remain and teach the children what you believe to be right. It is supposed that we business men are always so busy we never pay any attention to the amusement question, but we do. We often speak of it, and know that balls, cards, etc., are ruining thousands. When

a young man applies to me for a position, I ascertain whether or not he drinks, plays cards, or dances. I know if he does either of these he is unfit for business, and I instantly dismiss him. *I do this from a purely business standpoint.* Many young men are turned away from positions they seek because they dance and play cards, little dreaming what the cause of their rejection is. But business men reason that when a young man becomes infatuated with cards and balls, he is not likely to become infatuated with business at the same time."

This was a long speech for Mr. Esterly. He was a man of few words, but after a moment's pause, he continued: "I want this dancing business indefinitely postponed. I want this whole thing dropped. I do not want you to think of leaving, Mary."

"I cannot and will not stay in opposition to Mrs. Esterly's wishes. If it is her desire that I remain I will do so; otherwise I will leave," replied Mary.

"What say you, wife?" sternly demanded the banker.

Mrs. Esterly, who trembled beneath the words of her liege lord, replied: "I was too

hasty, and beg Miss Mary's pardon. I want her to remain. I did not intend to let her leave. I thought I could compel her to do as I desired, but I was mistaken."

Reader, do not think this proud woman was the worst of creatures. She was weak and sinful, that was all. She had not force of character to be desperately wicked as some. She could be led, or she could be driven. Let us believe that had her early training been different, she might have been a godly, devoted mother. But no girl trained in the fashionable follies of the day ever amounts to anything unless converted to Christ.

After this little domestic episode, everything passed along very pleasantly. Mrs. Esterly was kinder than before, but she continued her course in pleasures, and neglected her home more than ever, if possible. The French dancing master, Henri Carlette, made frequent visits to the Esterly residence, and it seemed that he timed his visits to not conflict with Mr. Esterly's home time.

Mary, with heavy heart, observed these things. Too well she knew that this weak woman of the world was being drawn into the

meshes of the tempter, but what could she do? Mrs. Esterly was out almost every night until twelve o'clock at balls, parties, theatres, etc.

But a crisis was approaching. One evening in midsummer, Mary went into the conservatory to pray, as was her wont. It was a deep twilight, and she felt unusually depressed. Her thoughts were on the conduct of her faithless mistress. She prayed for strength to do whatever she was called upon to do. Presently she heard approaching footsteps and subdued conversation. As they came a little nearer she recognized the voice of Mrs. Esterly and a man whom she took to be Carlette. They seated themselves on a low divan, with only a large fern between themselves and Mary. The latter soon learned the subject of their conversation—it was flight. The polished scoundrel was plying all his arts in persuading the weak and sinful woman to flee with him to Paris, where they would have one continual round of pleasure.

He had been reared there, and promised to introduce her into the "best of society" as his wife if she would only fly with him. At last she consented, and it was decided to elope that

night. She was to take the train at the Union Depot, and he was to take the same train at a suburban station and meet her, and they separated, expecting to meet in a few hours; but thanks to another, they never met again.

As soon as Mrs. Esterly had gone in, Mary immediately went to her room and boldly confronted her with her guilty plans. The false-hearted woman wilted beneath the scathing words of condemnation of the righteously indignant governess. She confessed, for she could not deny, and begged piteously of Mary to shield her from public exposure.

"I will do so upon one condition, and that is, that you give up your 'butterfly' life. If you will solemnly promise me that you will give less time to society, and more to home and its duties; will love society less, and husband and children more, I will pledge you my word of honor that I will never divulge this guilty secret; but if I see you in the company of dissolute men and women, though they be rich as a Rothschilds, in the company of such scoundrels as that dancing master whom you desired to teach your children to 'appear well in society,' I positively assure you that I will reveal everything."

Mrs. Esterly was confined to her bed for some time with nervous prostration. Her husband supposed it was from over-dissipation in the gaities of the ball-room, although he was very kind and attentive to her—more so than usual. Mary taught the children to go very quietly to their mamma's rooms and kiss her and tell her how much they desired her to get well.

One morning a servant told Mary that Mrs. Esterly wished to see her. She had often sent to inquire about the sick woman, and had expressed her sincere desire for her speedy recovery, but had not intruded her presence upon her since the fateful evening in which the elopement had been foiled.

As she entered the sick chamber, she was almost startled at the great change in a few days by sickness, yet she well knew it was more of the mind than of the body. As Mary looked upon the wasted features and haggard appearance of the proud woman of the world, her heart went out in pity toward her.

She stooped and kissed her, and asked how she could serve her. Mrs. Esterly, motioning to the servant to retire, said: "Mary, I want to talk to you about my terrible sin. Oh, how

thankful I now am that you frustrated our wicked plans, and saved me from awful disgrace and shame! Carlette tried to make me believe that my husband and children did not love me, and that you were all in conspiracy to get rid of me. He pretended to have heard from authentic source that Mr. Esterly had said he would be glad if I would leave him. I was foolish enough to believe the silly story without any investigation. I am sure it was all a lie. I know my husband and children do love me, and I do not believe you hate me, although you know my guilty secret."

"Why, certainly I do not hate you, Mrs. Esterly. I love you, and have loved you all the time, and that is the reason I did not wish to see you ruin, not only yourself, but bring disgrace on your family and friends, by such a course as that you contemplated."

"Well, Mary, I have been too much wedded to pleasure, or what is called pleasure, for it has not brought me the happiness I desired. It is a kind of an infatuation that is very hard to break away from. Many a night when I have come home from a round of social revelry I have resolved to never go again, but like the

drunkard chained to his cup, I could not or rather would not break away. I have seen the rottenness of modern society until my soul revolted at it, and yet I was a part of that same society, and as shallow in my affections and friendship as any of the rest. Mary, there is no real affection or friendship in fashionable life. I have tested it and know whereof I speak. Mr. Esterly has been too busy to love me or any one else, except in a business-like way, but in the last few days he has manifested more real love than since our marriage—more than even in our honeymoon. I believe you have had a great deal to do with bringing this about, Mary. You seem to possess so much influence over every one with whom you come in contact. I have often wondered at the secret of your power, but have hitherto been too proud to mention it."

"Passing by your remarks concerning myself, I would say I know your husband and children love you. The children have often said to me, 'I wish mamma had time to stay at home more.' I know they hunger for a mother's love."

"And from henceforth they shall have it," interposed the sick woman. "I have been a

useless member of society, but from henceforth I intend to try to be of some use to the world. If I can in some way atone for my awful sin, I will try to lead a different life."

"You can not atone for your sins, Mrs. Esterly. Jesus has already atoned for you. Will you accept the atonement Jesus has made?"

"Oh, I don't know, Mary. I am so ignorant of these things. I can't understand. Who is this Jesus, anyway? In our 'society circles' we consider him too poor to belong to our 'set,' and so I know but little about him. I know his name is often bandied in jest and repartee over cards and wine."

"Well, we may scoff him here, but if we continue thus to do, it were better for us that we had never been born," solemnly asserted Mary.

"Well, Mary, what about this Jesus? Who was he? What did he do?"

"He is the sun and center of all revelation, the hero of all ages, the God-Man and the Man-God."

"What do you mean by the 'God-Man and the Man-God?' "

"I mean that he was God manifest in the

flesh. God stooped in the person of his Son and took the robe of flesh for a few years in order to redeem man from his sins. But you must not talk any more now, but if you wish I will tell you more of God's revelation to men through the person of his Son. I hope you will be able in a few days to sit up, and then you can read for yourself."

Until she got able to go about, Mary went every morning to the invalid and read and talked to her. One morning she read the fifty-third chapter of Isaiah, and as she read of the scorn, contumely suffering and final death of the prophetic Savior, the tears glistened in Mrs. Esterly's lustrous brown eyes, and she asked:

"Who was it that suffered all that, Mary?"

"It was this Jesus of whom I have been telling you. The prophet Isaiah is speaking of the suffering and death of Christ, more than seven hundred years before the birth of Christ, and yet describes it as accurately as though it had been past for seven centuries. Let me now read what history says occurred when Christ came and during his ministry."

She then read the 27th chapter of Matthew and the 23rd chapter of Luke. As she read of

the suffering, pain and anguish of the Son of man, Mrs. Esterly became intensely interested and exclaimed:

"And did Jesus suffer so much to save man from his sins?"

"Yes. He says, 'I came not to call the righteous but sinners to repentance.' "

"Then he suffered and died for me?" she asked, as large tear-drops stood in her eyes.

"Certainly, for you as much as any one else. God wills not the death of any, but desires all to come to repentance."

"That is enough for the present, Mary. Please come and read to me to-morrow morning. I trust I am not a wearisome pupil."

"Oh, no, no!" exclaimed Miss Ardmore, imprinting a kiss upon the pallid brow before her. "I am only too glad to help you to an understanding of the way of life."

On the following morning as Mary went to visit her mistress, the latter seemed much better and expressed herself as having slept more and rested better than for many nights, and with a smile remarked:

"Mary, I have been thinking over the love of God to mankind in general, and to me in

particular, and I have been thinking of what Jesus has done for me in dying to redeem me, until I do love him as far as I have learned how, and I intend henceforth to serve him if I can only find my duty toward him, and I am sure you can teach me that, if any one can."

"I certainly thank you for the confidence you repose in my ability, and by implication, my sincerity to teach you your duty toward God and the Lord Jesus Christ, and I shall endeavor to exhibit the first and to merit the second."

"It occurs to me," said the sick woman, "that there is some overt act I ought to perform to prove my love to God. I do not mean some act by which I may compensate God, but some service I can render that would prove that I am in earnest. Is there any thing I am to do to prove that I love God and Jesus Christ my Savior?"

Mary read to her several cases of conversion in Acts of Apostles. How the apostles preached Christ to the people, how many who heard turned away from their sins and were "buried in baptism" to "prove their sincerity."

The teacher explained that in obeying the

Gospel we obey a mould of teaching that is like the facts of the Gospel. She explained that the facts of the Gospel are the death, burial, resurrection and ascension of Christ (1 Cor. 15: 1-6).

While we cannot obey the doctrine itself, we can obey the "form of doctrine," some thing that looks like the doctrine. That as Christ died "for our sins" (1 Cor. 15: 27), so we are to "die *to* our sins" (Rom. 6: 2).

That as Christ was buried and was raised again from the tomb in which he was laid, so we in being buried in a watery grave, are raised therefrom to "walk in newness of life" (Rom. 6: 4). In this way we imitate the death, burial and resurrection of our blessed Lord and Master.

"That certainly looks reasonable!" exclaimed the convalescent. "How could it be any plainer! I know I can better appreciate the doctrine of the Gospel when I can obey its form. I therefore want to be baptized. I know I believe. I know I have from my heart resolved to forsake my past life. I am ready to confess the faith of my heart at any time. I am fully

determined to live the rest of my life in the service of God."

The foregoing conversation occurred on Saturday morning, and it was arranged that Mrs. Esterly be baptized the next day. Melton and Stella had been contemplating uniting with the church for some time, and they at once decided to go with their mother. It had gotten noised around that the rich banker's family was to be baptized at the close of the morning service at the Church of Christ, and an unusually large concourse of people gathered to witness the scene. Mr. Esterly was there—the first time he had been to divine service, except to funerals, since his marriage. At the close of the sermon by the pastor, Elder Bailey, as the invitation song was being sung, Mrs. Esterly and her two oldest children, together with two other young persons, went forward and confessed their faith in Christ. In a few minutes preparations were made, and they were all "buried in baptism."

A large, beautiful pool of crystal water, supplied from the city water-works, stood just back of the pulpit. As Mrs. Esterly, dressed in plain

white, devoid of all ornaments, went down into the placid pool, many cheeks were bathed in tears of joy. Little Leta, who sat beside her papa, cried out loud enough to be heard by a number near her:

"Oh, how pretty mamma is!"

The father inwardly indorsed the child's sentiment. He thought he had never seen his wife so beautiful before, even before their marriage. He saw that the trappings of fashion had rather hidden than enhanced her beauty.

He was never so proud of her as that day. There was a majestic calmness about her that completely transfixed him with wonder and admiration. He was just beginning to "fall in love with his wife." He knew there was a change in her some way, that affected her whole life, yet he could not have defined it, perhaps, had he tried ever so hard.

That was a happy family group on their return home. Yes, it was now becoming a home, because Jesus was taking up his abode in more than one heart, as heretofore, in this family. There can be no real home where Jesus is absent.

In about two months after the events just re-

corded Mr. Esterly met one of his lawyer friends, who thus accosted him:

"Esterly, where have you been keeping yourself of late?"

"Most of the time at home," laconically replied the banker.

"Why, have you been sick?"

"Never enjoyed better health in my life."

"Some of your family sick?" persisted the interlocutor.

"No; my wife and children are in better health than for years. My youngest daughter is yet in delicate health, but even she is stronger than she has been for a long time."

"Well, what keeps you at home? I didn't think you were *always* such a home-body."

"I have not always remained at home so closely, for the reason that I have had a home only a few weeks, and I rather enjoy it."

"What do you mean, Esterly? What do you call that fine mansion in which you live?"

"I call it home, now. It has been such for a few weeks past, but it was boarding-house prior to that time."

"Explain yourself, man. You speak in riddles."

"I mean this," explained the banker, "I married a woman of fashion. She has, since our marriage, been wedded to fashion, and I to business. She has gone her way, and I have gone mine. We have seldom had any cross words with each other. Have been in each other's company little for husband and wife. Some three months ago a wonderful change came over my wife. She grew ill and seemed greatly worried and troubled, insomuch that she was confined to her bed for a fortnight, and was an invalid for almost a month, and during that time our governess was with her a great deal of the time, reading the Bible to her. I didn't think much about it at the time. I thought a little religious instruction wouldn't hurt her any more than so much dancing and fashionable foolishness, so I held my peace, and said to myself: 'If she can stand it, I can;' but, Payle, that religion got the better of her, and made her better. I do not know whether she 'has got religion' or not, but I know that religion has gotten her; I never saw such a change in anyone as in her in the past few weeks."

"Oh, Esterly, you are excited," laughingly remarked the disciple of Blackstone.

"Well, you are the first man to accuse me of being excitable."

"I do not mean that you are usually excitable, for I know you are just the reverse, but in this case, at least, you have allowed your emotions to get the better of your judgment."

"No, you mistake, Payle. I know what my wife was before this religious fever, if you are pleased to call it such, attacked her, and I know what she is now, and I never saw such a change. Before, she was irritable and peevish, and seemed discontented, even the short time she was at home. Now she seldom goes out, unless on a short shopping tour, to church, or on an errand of charity, and a more patient woman I never saw. The children fairly worship her. Before this they all thought much more of me than of their mother; but I now see the tide has strongly turned the other way. They do not love me less, but their mother more; but I am not at all jealous, as I am sure she is now at least more worthy their love."

"Oh, well, Esterly, this religion is all a 'humbug,' but I suppose your wife's is of the harmless kind."

"Well, if the religion manifested by Mrs.

Esterly in the past two months is of the 'humbug' kind, I say heaven send us copious showers."

"Your wife has 'jined church,' as the backswoods people say, has she?"

"She united with the Church of Christ, corner Main and Monroe Streets," quietly answered the banker.

"Why, they plunge people under the water when they baptize. Was your wife baptized in that way?"

"I know of no other way in which she could have been baptized, do you?" asked Mr. Esterly.

"Why, she could have been sprinkled."

'Oh, no; she could not have been sprinkled unless she had been cut up into small bits, and that would have destroyed life, you know."

"I see you are becoming critical. Your wife could have been baptized by pouring."

"Not unless she had been reduced to a liquid form, and that would also have destroyed life."

"Well, I mean she could have had water poured or sprinkled upon her."

"Oh, yes; but she desired to be *baptized*.

Sprinkling and pouring would not have been baptism."

"Well, I don't know much about these things, and don't care much. My wife belongs to the Presbyterian Church, and I know she often expresses the wish that she had been immersed, but she doesn't think it would be polite now."

"Perhaps not, Payle. But I never did care much for what the world calls fashionable politeness, but when I am convinced that the Lord calls upon me to do a thing, I am going to do that thing, and not something in place of it."

"I suppose we will hear of you going into the water before long?" laughingly asked the attorney.

"Stranger things than that have happened. The only thing that causes me to hesitate is, I am not fully convinced that Jesus is the Son of God, that is, that he is any more the Son of God than I am."

"Of course he is not," boastfully asserted Mr. Payle. "He was a good man, but nothing more than a man."

"And yet, Payle, there is something marvelous about the religion of that man if, as Josephus says, 'We dare call him a man.' His re-

ligion has belted the earth and turned the cannibal into the highest type of a man. He has accomplished what no other individual in the history of the world has accomplished. By the way, Payle, I am in a little hurry to get back home. Can't you and your wife come up this evening and spend an hour or so with us in an informal way? We don't have any more fashionable calls and parties, but now everybody is welcome. Come, and we will have a pleasant chat together. The ladies can furnish music and we would like for your wife to render us one of her fine select recitations, and altogether we can have a good time. Miss Ardmore, the governess, whom we treat as one of the family, will answer any Bible question we may desire to propound. What say you?"

The lawyer dropped his head a moment, thought and answered: "We will come, Esterly, if Mrs. Payle has no engagement for the evening, and I do not think she has '

Thus they parted.

CHAPTER VII.

The perfect adaptation of Christianity to human nature is superhuman. We have seen how perfect this adaptation is; adapted to intellect, sensibility, imagination and will; adapted to the moral and religious faculties. This adaptation was effected long before there was any true and scientific analysis of mental faculties, and when such adaptation was impossible as a matter of human science and skill.—*Prof. H. W. Everest in "Divine Demonstration."*

Christ never failed to distinguish between doubt and unbelief. Doubt is *can't believe;* unbelief is *won't believe.* Doubt is honesty; unbelief is obstinacy. Doubt is looking for light; unbelief is content with darkness. Loving darkness rather than light—that is what Christ attacked, and attacked unsparingly. But for the intellectual questioning of Thomas and Philip and Nicodemus, . . . He was respectful and generous and tolerant.—*Prof. Henry Drummond.*

MR. AND MRS. PAYLE paid an evening call at the Esterly's as per request of the latter gentleman as noticed in the previous chapter. After a little while spent in social converse, the conversation took a religious turn, and MR. Payle remarked:

"The only differences my wife and I have are on matters of religion. I don't think it

amounts to anything, and she thinks it amounts to everything."

"Well, that depends, Mr. Payle, on what you mean by religion," replied Mary.

"Oh, I mean the kind usually peddled out from modern pulpits," answered Mr. Payle, with a slight tone of irreverence.

"Well, the kind usually 'peddled out,' as you express it, differs very widely in quality."

"Oh, well, I can see no difference; it is all one to me. I have given it but little attention."

"It is not in keeping with your reputation as an attorney and great reasoner at the bar, Mr. Payle, to confess your ignorance of those things pertaining to our hereafter. It seems to me it would be in keeping with your reputation to investigate."

"Investigate what?" queried Mr. Payle.

"Our present, our past and our future. And is the Bible true?"

"I think not, to your last question. Its account of creation does not correspond with Nature."

"In what way is there a conflict, Mr. Payle?"

"In one thing, that the world was created

six thousand years ago, while science abundantly refutes that idea."

"Please show me the chapter and verse in the Bible where it is said that the world was created six thousand years ago."

"I do not know just where it is to be found, but it is there, is it not?" inquired the lawyer.

"No, Mr. Payle, there is no such Scripture. The Bible doesn't even intimate that it was sixty centuries since the world was created."

"Is it possible that I have been mistaken about this matter?" interrogatively exclaimed Mr. Payle. "I am sure I have always heard that position taken, even by Christian people, and I never heard it called in question before. I had supposed that the Bible explicitly stated that creation took place six thousand years ago. Pray tell me how long ago it has been?"

"I do not know, as the Bible doesn't reveal it, and as it is the oldest book in the world, we are left knowledgeless concerning the time of creation. We only know that 'In the beginning God created the heaven and the earth,' but we are left in entire ignorance of the *time* of that beginning. It may have been millions

of years ago; we are very sure that it was many times sixty centuries."

"Why, Miss Ardmore, you almost take my breath with astonishment. My dear old grandmother used to take me on her knee when I was not more than five years of age, and tell me how God created all things in six days, about six thousand years ago, and how our first parents disobeyed God in eating the forbidden 'wine-sap' apple," with a slight tone of irreverence, "and how God drove them out of the beautiful garden in which they were placed; and now you come and knock all my childish idols down and try to get me to believe something different."

"I should judge from your remarks a few moments ago, that your childhood idols were not very hard to topple over."

"And you claim that it has been untold centuries since this earth was created?" asked Mr. Payle.

"Yes, so far as the Bible is concerned. It was not given to teach chronology, but 'soulology,' if you will allow me to coin a new word, and yet 'spiritology' would be a better word. There is nothing in the Bible to contradict the

theory that the world was created many, very many cycles ago."

The lawyer, resting his elbow on his knee, and his forehead on the index finger of his right hand, remarked:

"I never heard that theory advanced before. I thought that the Bible taught the creation of the world as usually assigned to it," then shifting his position, "and I knew that nature contradicted that theory, so I chose to worship nature rather than the God of the Bible. I would rather worship something I can understand than something I know nothing about. I love the book of nature, but I do not love the Bible because I do not understand it."

"Then you thoroughly understand the book of nature, do you?" innocently inquired Miss Ardmore.

"I think I do," proudly replied the lawyer.

"Will you please tell me why there is always an even number of rows of grain on an ear of corn?"

"I do not know that there is always an even number. Proof, please."

Turning to the host: "Mr. Esterly, could

we have a few ears of corn brought to have this tested?"

"Certainly, certainly. I will send a man at once for the corn. How much do you want?"

"I should say a dozen ears would do. Do you not think so, Mr Payle?"

"That will be enough. If there are twelve ears brought, and all are shown to have an even number of rows, then I will admit that this is the rule."

A servant was quickly dispatched to the nearest barn to procure at least a dozen ears of corn. In a few minutes he returned with fifteen, and the rows in all of them were counted, and it was found that they all contained an even number. They did not all contain the *same* number, but all an even number. Some contained fourteen, some sixteen, some eighteen, and so on, but all had an even number. The legal gentleman was considerably surprised at this. Miss Ardmore asked:

"How do you account for this, Mr. Payle?"

"Oh, I suppose it is because—the fact is—I suppose it is because it is natural."

"I am sure it is natural. I have never doubted that for one moment, but I do not un-

derstand why it should be natural. Inasmuch as you are a teacher of nature, I should like for you to explain this, what to me is a phenomenon of natural laws. I understood you to say a few moments ago that you could understand the book of nature, but not the Bible."

"I do understand it in a general way. I understand the most of it," answered Mr. Payle.

"Will you please tell me, Mr. Payle, why an apple, when its hold is broken from the twig on which it grew, falls downward instead of upward?" asked Mary.

"Certainly. Sir Isaac Newton discovered that law. It is the law of 'gravitation,' that 'draws all things to a common center.' I thought everybody understood that."

"I may be somewhat obtuse, as I am only a woman," quietly remarked Mary. "I understand that the law of gravitation does draw all things to a common center, except feathers and straws and men's minds and a few other things, but why does it? Why does not the law of gravity draw all things to a common circumference instead of a common center?"

"Why, because it doesn't."

"You well know that is no answer to my question. It is a child's answer."

"Well, Miss Ardmore, what bearing has it on the question at issue?"

"It has much to do. You have given forth the impression that the book of nature is easy to read and interpret, but that the book of revelation is difficult to understand. Now, I claim the Bible, in the light of contemporaneous history, is easier to understand than the book of nature. You have virtually admitted that some of the most common problems of life are unsolved and unsolvable. You can easily state the problems and demonstrate them until you get to the conclusion, but when you come to the 'therefore' or the 'why,' you become bewildered and cannot answer."

"Payle, I guess she has gotten you cornered for once," remarked Mr. Esterly. "It is not often a woman gets the better of a lawyer in an argument, but this is an exception to the rule."

"He ought to be beaten," added Mrs. Payle, "because he has the wrong side of the question."

The lawyer shifted uneasily in his chair and replied, "I do not admit that I am beaten."

"Did you ever know a lawyer to make that admission?" smilingly asked his wife.

"Or a woman either?" rejoined her husband.

At this bit of repartee they all laughed, and Mr. Payle continued:

"Well, there are so many things in the Bible I cannot understand."

"I have shown you," replied Mary, "that you do not understand some of the simplest things in the book of nature, yet you do not denounce it as spurious *because* you do not understand it. Now let us not pick out the small details in history and try to discover flaws, but let us take some of the more prominent points in the Bible and see if they can be understood."

"Well, why should we give any more credence to the Bible than to any other history?" asked the attorney.

"We should not," replied Miss Ardmore. "We should treat it with the same candor as we do any other book. If it will not bear the same criticism as any other book then we do not ask one to accept it."

"But it demands of us more than any other book," asserted the attorney.

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"That is very true, because its *claims* are greater. Its demands are in proportion to its claims. It claims to be the Word of God and demands our credence. It does not demand any more in proportion to its claims than any other history. Gibbon writes a history that purports to be a true narration of the events connected with the 'Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire,' and demands that we believe it, and we do."

"Yes, but that is very different, Miss Ardmore," interrupted the lawyer. "Gibbon does not give us a lot of miracles to believe under penalty of eternal condemnation."

"Because his is history, pure and simple. There is nothing mandatory about his writing. But the Bible is *both historical and mandatory*. But you object to miracles. On what grounds?"

"On the ground that they are contrary to nature and experience."

"How do you know, Mr. Payle, that miracles are contrary to either nature or experience? True, they are contrary to our individual experience and nature as far as we can see, but may not God carry on these miracles over and above our everyday experience?"

"Of course he might, but does he?"

"I think he does. Mr. Payle, if you should some morning plant an acorn in your flower garden, as I understand you have a beautiful one, and in the evening should go out and behold an oak tree a hundred feet high in full leaf, what would you call that?"

"I would call it a miracle. But these things never happen."

"This thing has happened millions of times in the history of the world, in all except the *time*."

"Yes, and the absence of that factor *time*, prevents its being a miracle."

"Then is time the most important factor in a miracle?"

"No, I do not claim it is the most important, but I do claim it is an essential element, or rather the absence of time is the important element."

"Why is time so important in a miracle? If God can make the oak in one hundred years, might he not in one year or one minute?"

"Because he cannot set the laws of nature to work to produce the results described in so short a time."

"Please modify that, Mr. Payle. Do not say God *cannot*, for his power is limitless. Let us understand that God does not, so far as we know, produce a large oak in a few moments of time: but that he *can not*, we dare not say. There is a vast difference between God's 'does not' and his 'can not.' "

"Well, I only claimed that God could not by the law of nature. That it must necessarily require a considerable length of time for such a work."

"Wrong again, I think, Mr. Payle," answered Mary. "The ordinary law of nature in degeneration is for the mighty oak tree to become diseased and gradually die and molder away, but this law of nature is manifested in a more formidable way. An electric shaft is sent from the clouds and the giant oak lies prostrate on the ground, riven into thousands of pieces, so that degeneration is greatly hastened."

"Well, of course, if you call that the law of nature, I suppose you are right," replied the lawyer.

"What else would you call it?" inquired the young lady. "Is it not a law of nature that when the atmosphere gets in a certain condi-

tion, combustion occurs? We may never understand all about it; indeed, it is hardly possible that we will, but we know that electricity is one of nature's weapons of destruction, and under certain conditions, is an instrument of death. It frequently accomplishes in a moment what ordinary degeneration would be years in accomplishing."

"That does look reasonable, I must say," answered the attorney, "but I do not see that it affects the question of the authenticity of the Bible."

"It does in this way: If I can show that the Bible has no more miracles than nature, then I can certainly have the assurance to offer it to you for your credence. Is not this reasonable?"

"I suppose so, if you take that view of the matter; but you have not yet convinced me that nature has those miracles."

"I have very nearly done so, I think," laughingly replied Mary. "You have admitted millions of miracles in nature in all things except in time, and have admitted that God *could* eliminate that, and I suppose you would

not claim but that so far as you know he might have done so.''

''Of course he might. I am only arguing the plausibility of the thing. God, perhaps, might have done many things that he hasn't done.''

''Very true. And as you have already admitted he does many things through nature you do not understand, why may he not have done many things also through revelation? If God has revealed his beauty in the lily, his majesty in the swell of the ocean, his loftiness in the snow-capped and cloud-obscured mountain-peak, his splendor in the brilliancy of the noonday sun, and his anger in the storm-cloud's wrathful whirl, why may he not have revealed his love to us in the gift of his Son?''

''Why, you are getting quite eloquent, Miss Ardmore. One would almost be constrained to yield the point on that score, if nothing else. Pardon this little pleasantry; I assure you I mean it as a compliment. You have certainly presented it very beautifully, and at the same time forcibly. But please tell me why I should accept Jesus Christ as more than any *other* good man?''

"Because he *was more* than a man."

"Proof, please. You know we lawyers are great sticklers for proof. At least we are anxious for the other side to furnish proof if it can, but would rather it wouldn't."

"I infer from that, then, that you would rather I should be unable to furnish the proof."

"No, indeed, Miss Ardmore, I would like to know the truth, but I do want proof. Is not that reasonable?"

"It surely is reasonable, and I do not ask one to accept Christ without it. In the first place, the system inaugurated by Jesus Christ and propagated by his apostles, I think you will admit is the best the world has ever seen."

"Yes, I admit that. But is it distinctively Christ's system?" asked Mr. Payle.

"It certainly is, for you cannot find the principles enunciated by Jesus Christ propagated by any reformer prior to the coming of Christ. The so-called moral teachings of Zoroaster, Confucius and others were only insipid vaporings compared with the living, burning words of Christ. Mr. Payle, can you point to any one who preached the sermon that Jesus delivered on the Mount *prior* to its delivery by him?"

"No, I think not."

"Then we must admit that Jesus taught the best system of *living* morality the world has ever known. In the second place, we ask persons to accept Christ because he did more than anyone else to prove his divinity. He opened the eyes of the blind, unstopped deaf ears, and even raised the dead. That he did these things is admitted even by his enemies. Celsus, who lived a hundred years after the death of Christ, and one of the enemies of the Christian religion, grants that Jesus wrought miracles, and particularly that he cured some sick people, raised some from the dead and multiplied some loaves, but speaks of others doing the like things, yet *failed to show who they were.* Mr. Payle, I ask you to examine the life of Jesus as recorded by the four evangelists and compare with other reformers, and you will be forced to admit that he was the most wonderful character that ever moved on earth, *by the very works he did.* In the next place, we ask you to accept Christ because of the influence exerted in the world by Christianity. Why is it that civilization always follows Christianity, and not Christianity civilization? The Bible precedes school-houses,

printing-presses, railways, etc. Why is that? *It is always so.* Again: look at the individuals whose lives have been touched by the magic wand of the holy Nazarene."

Here Mrs. Esterly colored, but Miss Ardmore was too much in earnest to take notice of it, as she continued: "Look at Peter Bouley, who a few months ago kept one of the worst drinking dives in the city, and was himself one of his best patrons. He had been brought up with the very worst surroundings until, seemingly, he was only a remove above a brute. It was said he beat his wife and children terribly. He was often locked up, his license often revoked, but by some 'hook or crook,'—possibly by both—he would soon be back at his old place, dealing out liquid death; and yet that man, the very worst type of manhood, was rescued by a little tract on God's love. He read the tract, cursed it and then threw it in the fire, but he could not get rid of it. 'God so loved the world that he gave his only begotten Son that whosoever believeth in him should not perish, but have everlasting life,' kept ringing in his ears. He drank harder to drown the troublesome voice, but he could not. At length

he went to Elder Bailey and asked where that Scripture was to be found. The minister gladly showed him, and two weeks thereafter he made the confession of his faith in Christ and was buried in baptism. To-day there is not a more sober, godly, upright man in this city than Peter Bouley. I could point to many other cases quite similar to show the influence of the Gospel on individual hearts and lives. Can so much be said of any other religion? Does infidelity, or the more modern name, agnosticism, work such changes? Can you point to *one individual* that was ever made better by rejecting the Christian religion? Seriously, Mr. Payle, did you ever know of one backslider in religion who went so far back that he denied Christ, that was better thereby?"

"I must confess I never did," replied the attorney. On the other hand, I have known of many who were made worse. I freely admit that Christianity, that is, genuine Christianity, makes its devotee better, but I attribute it to fear that is engendered by this superstition."

"You say, Mr. Payle, that *genuine* Christianity will make men better. If it be superstition how can it make him better? Did the super-

stition of the North American Indian make *him* any better?" inquired the young lady.

"No, it certainly did not. That kind of superstition always makes the individual worse instead of better. I claim that Christianity is the best system of superstition that has ever been discovered."

"Are the main elements of superstition truths or falsehoods, Mr. Payle? Are the foundation principles true or false?"

"False, most assuredly," asserted the attorney. "They all have some truths in them, but in the main they are false."

"I have another question: Which makes the world better, truth or falsehood?"

"Truth, most undoubtedly," unhesitatingly replied the gentleman.

"Then I think I have gotten you to contradict yourself."

"In what way, pray tell me? I think I have been wonderfully consistent."

"You say superstition is principally falsehood. In the second place, you say it is truth that blesses the world, and that Christianity is the best system in the world, because, of course,

that it is the most *genuinely counterfeit* religion in the world."

The ladies and Mr. Esterly laughed heartily, and Mr. Payle, shifting in his chair, remarked: "Well, I notice some of your church members are no better than the rest of us. One of your church deacons is hard to beat at card-playing and engages in it daily during business hours. A minister of another church got rich at gambling in the Chicago Board of Trade, and so of other churches, their prominent men and women do things that I would blush to do, as hard a case as I am."

Mary blushed, as she replied: "What you say, Mr. Payle, is too true. I would to God it were not; but that is only a proof of the genuineness of the Christian religion, for, according to your own estimate of the matter, the individuals were not living up to their standard while engaged in those things. You expect better things of them *because* they have espoused a better standard, and when they fail to meet that expectation, you should blame the person, not the system, as it is in no wise responsible."

"That does look reasonable, I must confess.

I will admit that you have shown me some things I had not thought of before. I confess I do not know as much about nature as I had supposed. But still I cannot accept the Bible as true. It is such a jumble of inconsistencies I cannot understand it. But as I would like to discuss this question further, and I do not wish to monopolize the time, I give you and Mr. and Mrs. Esterly a cordial invitation to come to my house to-morrow evening, and we will discuss this matter further. Can you not do so?"

After a little consultation this was agreed to, and then having some instrumental and vocal music, in which all engaged except Mr. Esterly, Mr. Payle and his amiable wife took their departure.

CHAPTER VIII.

Where is thy brother? From his grave
Near thy own gates, or 'neath a foreign sky,
From the thronged depths of ocean's mourning wave,
His answering blood doth cry;
Blood of the soul! Can all earth's fountains make
Thy dark stain disappear? Stewards of God, awake!

—*Mrs. Sigourney.*

We here wish to briefly describe some missionary work directly and indirectly accomplished, as a result of Mary Ardmore's fidelity to the truth as it is in Jesus.

It was not long after the banker's wife and children came into the church, that Melton, at the breakfast-table one morning remarked:

"Papa, how many buildings do you own in which saloons are kept?"

"I do not know exactly, my son. Only four or five, I think. I used to have ten or twelve, but I found the risk was too great, and I ordered my agent to close them out as fast as he could."

"I am so glad, papa!" exclaimed the boy.

"Why, Melton, what do you mean?" asked the father in some surprise.

"I mean this, father. The liquor business is

wholly evil. It hasn't a single redeeming feature about it, and I would like for you to close out entirely and not be in partnership with it."

"Partnership with the liquor business, Melton? I never had anything to do with it. I never sold a drop in my life, and never drank but a very little. So I cannot be accused of being in partnership with the business."

"I am afraid you are, papa. The liquor dealer has to have *something* to sell, *permission* to sell it, and a *place* to sell it. He furnishes the first, the commonwealth (supposed to be the people) furnishes the second, and you, the third. Isn't it a company composed of three members, of which you are one and possibly a part of the second?"

"I am thinking, Mr. Esterly, Melton has the better of you in argument this time, certainly," laughed Miss Ardmore.

"Where have you been studying political economy, Melton?" inquired Mr. Esterly.

"Observation and a little reflection have helped me to solve this problem in the liquor question. There are always three partners in this business when the saloon is kept in a

rented building: The seller, the community that gives him permission, and the one who furnishes him a place to sell."

"You are right, my boy. I had never thought of it in that light before. I have not desired to rent to the liquor business on account of the *risk*, but I never entertained a thought of being in partnership with it. I will close out my partnership with the saloons just as soon as I can legally do so."

"Well, father, how soon will your contract with that building on 'Jezebel Row' where Pat O'Rafferty keeps expire?"

"I do not know exactly. If you wish to know you can go to Mr. Nylor, who has charge of my property. But why do you ask, Melton."

"Oh, I have a scheme under consideration that I thought might call for a building."

"What is that, my son?"

"Well, it is this. There is no Protestant Church or Sunday-school anywhere near that part of the city, and I thought of asking Miss Mary to help me establish a mission Sunday-school in that sin-cursed district."

"I am afraid, Melton, you will have rather a large contract on your hands if you expect to

do anything with that section of the city toward improvement. Why, I wouldn't go along there by myself at two o'clock in the morning for the best business block in the city."

"All the more need for improvement then," laconically replied the boy.

"Oh, yes, it needs it badly enough, but the *possibility* is the question."

"Well, I want to make the attempt if Miss Mary will help me."

"I will gladly do so," replied Miss Ardmore, "and I think improvement is possible. I have great confidence in God's Word. Paul says, 'It is the power of God unto salvation,' and I do not see why it is not as much the power of God to those on 'Jezebel Row' as in any other part of the city, provided you can apply the power. I admit this will be hard to do at first, but it can be done, I feel sure."

"Well, you and Melton can have the building in which to try your Sunday-school experiment, but when it fails, don't come to me for encouragement, for I shall have none to give."

"Thank you, papa; the building fitted up

properly is all we ask for now," replied Melton.

Let us briefly notice this forsaken part of the city that has been part of the subject of the breakfast table talk just recorded. It was in the northwestern part of the city. It consisted of a long row of tenement houses, old, weather-worn and blast-shaken. Many of them were not fit for animals, much less human beings, yet the latter thronged there in great numbers. Near the center of the row stood a Catholic church and near it stood the saloon building owned by Mr. Esterly in which it was proposed to establish a Sunday-school.

"Jezebel Row" was so called because of an old termagant that lived near the Catholic church. Her name was Maggie Manning, but she was such a terror to even that sin-cursed community, she was called "Old Jezebel," and finally the row was called that.

She would swear, and drink, and fight until she was as well known in the police courts as the police judge himself. Yet even in old Maggie Manning all good was not extinct. She would divide the last crumb of bread with one less fortunate than herself. When sober she

would sit up all night long nursing some poor sick child, with all the tenderness of a mother, with no hope of reward. Why was she such a wreck? Ah! 'tis the same old story of sin. Trusting confidence in youth, betrayal, ruin! Betrayer feasted and feted; betrayed scorned, spurned, spit upon. What a fearful reckoning awaits many lecherous debauchees who have led to ruin their victims, and then gloated over it. Maggie was a devout Catholic and could therefore do as she pleased, save deny the faith, and retain standing.

But to return to the mission Sunday-school. The time having expired, O'Rafferty was compelled to vacate Mr. Esterly's building. When notice was served on him that he would have to give it up, he cursed and swore in a regular Irish-Catholic style.

The room where the saloon was kept was about 20 by 30 feet. There was then a partition and then another room that had been used for billiards, 40 by 30 feet.

It was thought the front room would be all that would be needed. Melton had the room scrubbed and painted and papered and a cheap carpet put on the floor. He then procured 60

chairs—40 ordinary size and 20 for little "tots." He hardly thought he would need so many, but he concluded he would purchase and have them in readiness in case they were needed.

Mrs. Esterly presented them with a neat little organ and four dozen Sunday-school song books.

Every vestige of saloon was torn away from the building. The front was newly painted a different color, and in large letters "Sunday-school Hall" informed the passer-by that could read, the character of the building in its new dress. On the large plate-glass windows in the front were painted in beautiful letters appropriate Scriptural texts.

While all this work was going on, there were low mutterings in the neighborhood. Mrs. Mulrooney, who kept a fourth rate restaurant four blocks away, was heard to say to a friend:

"And shurely it will be a swate toime whin the Protesters hav thir Sunny-school, az they call it. Mickey McFlynn sez he'll help them," and she laughed a coarse, brutal guffaw, repulsive to one of any refinement.

McFlynn was one of the worst whiskey-guzzling "bums" in that section, although he was

a devout Catholic. He was a young man in years, but old in crime.

It was noised around that there would be trouble, principally from the Catholics, when the school should open, and Mr. Esterly having his American blood stirred, employed a special policeman to be near in case there should be trouble.

Posters were printed and scattered all through that part of the city, announcing Sunday-school at 2:30, on a certain Lord's day early in October.

As the time drew on Mary's heart beat with considerable trepidation as she thought of the possible trouble in store for her and her associates, yet she did not shrink from danger, as was abundantly proven by her encounter with the savage dog. Neither did she court danger, being of a retiring disposition.

The time for the Sunday-school drew on, and together with three other young ladies and two young men teachers from the Central Church of Christ, Miss Ardmore and Melton Esterly took the street car that ran within three blocks of their destination.

On their arrival they found a group of hard-

looking cases standing on the outside, while within there were perhaps a dozen ragged, dirty, "unkempt-haired" children, admiring the beautiful (?) carpet and the pictures on the wall, the new organ, etc., and warming themselves by the new stove.

The faithful janitor who had been employed had everything in good shape.

As the group of teachers came up and kindly greeted those without, some tittered and mocked, some uttered low, indistinct curses, while others seemed to remain perfectly indifferent. "Old Jezebel" leaned out of her window and shouted:

"Ye Protesters will hav a toime whin Mickey comes."

At this the rabble yelled and laughed, and a Catholic policeman a few rods off was seen to smile a "loud smile" at this "take off" of the old hag.

When the time came for calling the school to order, John Snelson, one of the young men of the party of teachers, went to the door and kindly invited the men and boys inside. Some cursed him and others laughed. At last Bob Teale, a "tough" of the neighborhood, said:

"Come on, boys, an les go in an see the fun," and added in a lower tone, "Mebby we kin hep them make fun."

They went in pell-mell, helter-skelter, to the number of ten or twelve, and seated themselves in the back part of the room.

By arrangements previously made, young Snelson acted as presiding officer, he being the eldest of the party of teachers. Miss Belle Oldham served at the organ, and they all sang. The little ones sat in open-mouthed wonder at the music. After two songs, a brief prayer was offered by Levi Jones, one of the teachers, and then by request Melton Esterly stated the purpose of the meeting. He said they did not come there to harm anyone, but to do good. They were not going to abuse anyone, but wanted to help all.

As he was proceeding in his short talk, Bob Teale cried out: "This is your pap's buildin', ain't it?"

"It is," replied Melton.

"Yer father's rich, ain't he?"

"My father here owns considerable property, as the world calls owning it, but I have a Father in heaven who owns all things, and it

is for the purpose of telling you about that Father that we have this school. We want to tell you how our Heavenly Father will make you all rich if you desire it."

About this time in came Mickey, the male "terror of the row."

He came in swaggering and swearing, kicked the coal scuttle over, laughed a hoarse chuckle, and sat down, leering at those about him.

At this moment a gentleman in citizen's dress, who had been sitting quietly by the door, arose and walked over to where the "terror" sat, and placing his hand on his shoulder, bade him be still. The young man instantly sprang to his feet, and with an oath wanted to know what authority he had to touch him. The gentleman drew a paper from his pocket and read his authority from the mayor of the city, and arrested the young ruffian for disturbing a religious meeting.

"I'll not go wid ye, ye Protester galoot," exclaimed McFlynn. "Ye hav no right to come here wid yer old Protester school," and with that he struck at the officer who, warding it off, with one dextrous blow felled the rowdy to the floor. The commotion was noised

abroad, and several came rushing in to the scene of disturbance. The rowdies within were cowed by the determined action of the intrepid officer.

Presently "Old Jezebel" came to the door, and seeing McFlynn lying bleeding on the floor, exclaimed: "Ah, an' Mickey has been floored for onst! Poor bye! Poor bye!"

A cry was raised from the outside: "Les clean the Protesters out. They have no bizness here." A dozen or more stalwart Irishmen, and twice that many women, began to gather in a knot to carry out their threat. At this juncture, Mr. Shannon, an intelligent Catholic who lived in the vicinity, and who kept a lumber yard some four blocks away, after briefly inquiring of the officer, with whom he was acquainted, the cause of the disturbance, and being informed, roundly scored the mob for the meditated attack on the leaders of the Sunday-school. He said: "We can't reach the Protestant children in the neighborhood, and don't seem to be teaching our own any good, and if these people come in and sing and pray, it is none of our business. They are in their own property. You don't have to come in if you

don't want to. Go to your homes and let these people alone, or you'll all get in the lock-up, where many of you ought to be," and those on the outside sullenly slunk away.

Mickey was only badly stunned, and his nose pretty badly bruised by coming in too sudden contact with Officer Delman's closed palm.

Mary Ardmore, going to a pump near by, moistened her handkerchief, went to the prostrate rowdy and gently wiped the blood from his face. The man having regained consciousness, looked up in astonishment, as also did his associates. Another one of the ladies brought a cup of water from which he took a few sips, and the tears sprang to his eyes as he said: "Thank ye, ladies, I don't deserve this kindness from you."

"This is in the name of our Master, whom we serve," replied Mary.

All this occurred in less time than it takes to tell it.

Mr. Delman, the "citizen policeman," upon Mickey's promise to not molest the Sunday-school any more, set him free.

After order was somewhat restored, some little effort was made to interest the little ones

with large illuminated texts of Scripture, a few Scripture stories, and two or three more songs. Then giving each of them a pretty card, they were dismissed, with an urgent invitation to be present on the following Lord's day, and if possible, bring some one with them, which invitation several of them accepted.

CHAPTER IX.

Within the two boards of the poor man's Bible is a greater wealth of happiness, of honor, of pleasure, of true peace, than Australia hides in the gold of all her mines. —*Guthrie.*

"What a book!" cried Henrich Heine, the German student and poet, after a day spent in the unaccustomed task of reading the Bible. "Vast and wide as the world, rooted in the abysses of creation, and towering up beyond the blue secrets of heaven! Sunrise and sunset, promise and fulfillment, birth and death, the whole drama of humanity, are in this book."

Mr. and Mrs. Esterly and Miss Ardmore called at the elegant home of Mr. Payle as per invitation recorded at close of chapter seven. It was a beautiful September evening, near the close of the month, but "Jack Frost" had not yet come to despoil the face of nature, hence the flowers were still bright and lovely.

It being a beautiful moonlit night, the host invited his visitors into his garden, of which he was very proud.

It was laid out with excellent taste, and flowers of rare beauty greeted the rapturous gaze on every side. Miss Ardmore, being an ardent admirer of flowers, was perfectly delighted,

and expressed unstinted praise at this wonderful exhibition of nature's bounty of the beautiful.

After they had returned to the parlor, and some general conversation had been indulged in, Mr. Payle remarked: "Miss Ardmore, since our conversation on last evening, I have been thinking a good deal about the subject we were discussing. I procured a fine reference Bible to-day and tried to see if I *could* get any sense out of it, but I could not. It was all a jumble, as I intimated on last evening."

"Any book is a jumble to the uninstructed, is it not, Mr. Payle? Don't you think Blackstone would be a jumble to the unlettered rustic?"

"I suppose so," replied the lawyer, "but there is this difference, Blackstone is orderly and systematic, even if it is difficult, while the Bible is not."

"I think you mistake, Mr. Payle; you should have proven the assertion you have just made. The Bible is not an unsystematic, disorderly collection of writings, as you seem to think, but it is the most orderly collection of writings the world has ever seen."

"Miss Ardmore, I must do as you have just

done, and demand proof of the statement you have just made, that the Bible is a systematic whole."

"Gladly will I do so. I will give a mere synopsis of its scope and design, enough I hope at least to show you that my claim is well founded: In the first two chapters of the Bible we have an account of creation, of the material universe; sun, moon, and stars, and lastly, man. Then we have an account of man's sinning and falling from the high position in which he was placed, but immediately following the fall came the promise that the seed of the woman should bruise the serpent's head. As time went on this promise was amplified, until we come to Abraham we see it fully developed. 'In thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed,' was but the development of the promise made in the Garden of Eden after the fall.

"Again, we have this further amplified in Jacob's blessing on Judah, 'The sceptre shall not depart from Judah nor a lawgiver from between his feet, until the Shiloh come, and unto him shall the gathering of the people be' (Gen. 49: 10). It is a matter of history that the tribe

of Judah was the only one that retained its tribal power until the coming of the Shiloh, who in Revelation is called the 'Lion of the tribe of Judah'" (Rev. 5: 5).

"Allow me to interrupt you a moment," interposed the lawyer. "How do you know who this Shiloh was? Has he ever come to earth? Or may he not have come and passed away as all the past generations have done?"

"I am glad you asked that question, Mr. Payle, as it will give me a chance to answer in a way that might have slipped my memory, had you not called my attention to it. In the promise made to Abraham, to which I referred a few moments ago,—'In thee and in thy seed shall all the families of the earth be blessed,' we see that there was a blessing to come through the descendants of Abraham that was to affect the *entire world*, 'all the families of earth.' Can you think of any religion that is so world-wide as the Christian religion? Christ, in his fleshly relationship, was the 'seed of Abraham,' and the only one that fulfills this Scripture. In the next place, the tribe of Judah was the only one that was not merged into another power before the coming of Christ. In the

third place, he (Christ) is the only one to whom there is, and has been, a 'gathering of the people.' He said: 'If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto me.' That is, that he would draw all nationalities unto him, and this he has done, far more than anyone else in the world."

"Why did not Christ come sooner if he was to save the world?" inquired Mr. Payle.

"Because the world was not ready to be saved," replied the young lady. Continuing: "If saved they must be saved as *men*, not as machines. Their wills had to be consulted if they were to be saved as rational and intelligent creatures. It was therefore necessary to educate man up to the point where he could reason and weigh evidence, and see the fitness of God's dealings toward the children of men. He had to be educated up to the point of receiving, or being in mind prepared to receive, the Messiah, hence the 'law' was added (Gal. 3: 19) to the 'promise' (Gen. 12: 3), till the promised seed (Christ) should come. All the types and shadows under the law looked toward Christ. If, in the study of the Old Testament Scriptures, we look *forward* to the cross, and after the resur-

rection look back to the cross, it will not be difficult to understand."

"Then you do not think all the Bible of equal value?" inquired the attorney.

"I think all equally valuable *for the purpose for which it is given*. God told Abram to leave Ur of the Chaldees, but he never commanded me, for I was never there. He commanded the Jews to offer sacrifices and burnt offerings, but he does not command you and me to do this, because we are living under another dispensation."

"What do you mean by another dispensation?" inquired Mr. Payle.

"I mean a new order of things. The law that was given on Mt. Sinai was given to the Jews only, that the promise made unto Abraham might be fulfilled. Thus we see a gradual unfolding and development in God's plans and purposes until Jesus comes to fulfill all the prophecies concerning him."

"You seem to be sanguine in the belief that Jesus did fulfill all the predictions."

"I am sure of it, Mr. Payle. I haven't the least doubt in the world. The prophet said seven hundred years before the coming of

Christ, 'Thou Bethlehem Ephratah, though thou be little among the thousands of Judah, yet out of thee shall he come forth unto me that is to be the ruler of my people Israel.' The evangelists say that Christ was born in Bethlehem of Judea. The prophets said the Messiah was to be 'a man of sorrows acquainted with grief.' The evangelists say that Christ was so poor that he 'had not where to lay his head.' The prophet said the Messiah should be 'numbered with the transgressors,' and the evangelists say that Christ was 'numbered' *i. e.* 'hung between two thieves.' Isaiah said, seven hundred years before the coming of Christ, 'He (the coming Savior) made his grave with the rich.' Matthew, one of the evangelists, tells us that Jesus was buried in a rich man's tomb. Prophecy and history agree that the Christ was with the poor in his life and the rich in his death. We might go on *ad finem* and we would see that Jesus fulfills *every* prophecy of the Messiah.''

Mr. Esterly, who had been listening intently but saying nothing, somewhat startled the little company by exclaiming:

''Payle, I believe that Jesus Christ was the

promised Messiah, and was and is the Son of God."

To which the lawyer replied:

"Well, I will admit I see things in a different light to what I did, and the Bible is not so incongruous as I had supposed. I must confess I can see some sense to Miss Ardmore's exposition of the Scriptures. While everything is not clear to my mind, I shall investigate further, and if I find the way plain I shall accept the Gospel."

Here the conversation turned in other channels, and soon the Esterly party took its leave.

Mr. Payle, true to his promise, did investigate further. In about three weeks after the time of the conversation just recorded, the Esterly's went to church on Lord's day evening, where a large concourse of people had already gathered. Elder Bailey preached an unusually excellent sermon on "The Plea of the Christians." He showed the origin and the growth of the infant church, the rise of the apostasy as predicted by Paul (2 Thess. 2: 3-10), the dense darkness that followed the supremacy of "the man of sin," and how the church of to-day is laboring to get back to

apostolic grounds. At the close of his discourse he made a strong appeal to the alien to surrender to King Jesus and serve him here, that "we may enjoy his glories over yonder."

Before the first verse of the invitation hymn was sung through, Mr. Esterly firmly though humbly walked down the aisle and extended his hand to the minister, in token of his desire to henceforth live for Christ and his cause. While this was a great surprise to many, it was none to those who had conversed with him to any extent within the past few weeks. But judge of the surprise of almost every one, when from another part of the large auditorium, Mr. Payle, one of the leading attorneys of the city, who was supposed to be a scoffing infidel, walked down another aisle and also gave his hand to the preacher. Not many knew of his recent study of the Scriptures and his conversation with Miss Ardmore, and even those who knew, did not realize that it was so intense. When the gentlemen were asked when they wished to be baptized, they both responded promptly, "At once, if convenient," and so preparations were made accordingly. Mrs. Payle was at first overcome by her

husband's actions, as he had not intimated anything of the kind to her, but she was greatly rejoiced. As her husband came forth from the watery tomb in which he had been "buried," a faint smile perceptible on his countenance, she arose from her seat, and in clear, ringing, earnest tones, plainly heard all over the large room, exclaimed: "Brother Bailey, I desire to be baptized." And promptly came the answer back: "If thou believest, thou mayest."

"I do believe with all my heart that Jesus Christ is the Son of God, and I wish to more fully obey him," answered the lady.

"When do you wish to be baptized?" asked Elder Bailey.

"Immediately," replied the dauntless woman.

"Your wishes shall be complied with," answered the minister. "Sisters Manley and Thompson will please conduct Mrs. Payle to the ladies' robing room." This being done, in a few moments Mrs. Payle "went down into the water" and was "buried in baptism" (Col. 2: 12), and "came up out of the water" (Acts 8: 38), amidst the rejoicing of the multitude of believers in Christ.

Passing out at side entrances, Mr. and Mrs.

Payle and Mr. Esterly stepped into their carriages that were standing in waiting, and were quickly driven to their homes, where necessary changes in apparel were made.

There was a profound sensation created in the city when it was noised around that Messrs. Esterly and Payle had become Christians—had humbled themselves in being baptized.

The *Daily Index*, in announcing it the next day in large headlines, said:

"A Banker Deposits in Another Bank, and a Lawyer Gets Another to Plead His Case.

"Much surprise was expressed at the Church of Christ last evening, when, as the invitation was given for new members, Mr. Esterly, President of the First National Bank, and Mr. Payle, senior member of the law firm of Payle & Woolridge, went forward and expressed their desire for membership, by publicly confessing their faith in Christ, and demanding, and at once receiving, baptism.

"Further surprise was manifest when, at the close of the baptismal service, Mrs. Payle, the very estimable wife of the attorney, requested to be baptized, which request was readily granted.

"As these are people very highly respected in our city, it is no wonder the Christian people are very much elated over the accession of these workers to their ranks. The *Index* wishes them well in time and eternity by continuing to 'lay up treasures' in heaven's bank, and getting Jesus to always plead their cause for them."

The above was a unique and fair report of the affair as it occurred. The writer himself was a Baptist; a deacon in the church in the city, but a large-hearted, liberal-minded man, who could see some good in others. Too often reports are either hurriedly gotten up and imperfectly given, or else colored with sectarianism; the above was neither.

Up to within three weeks of his conversion, Mr. Payle had not been inside of a church house, except at funerals, for fourteen years; but in the three weeks intervening between his last conversation with Miss Ardmore and his baptism, he had read the New Testament through carefully, and the Gospels, as they are called, four times; besides, he had read much of the Old Testament prophecies concerning the Christ. In the three weeks he had crowded in more STUDY of the Bible than many church members put in in a lifetime. It was not the preaching of Elder Bailey that converted him, for he did not hear enough to especially affect him. It was the preaching of Mary Ardmore, together with his own study of the Word that she had begotten within him, that turned him to Christ.

Dear fellow worker, do we not sometimes depend too much on the preacher. If we would acquaint ourselves with the Word, and *be full of it*, we, too, might win souls to Christ.

Mr. Payle became an earnest worker, and was ably seconded by his wife. They having no children, and being blessed with an abundance of means, could, and did, give much time and money to church work.

They were asked to assist in the Sunday-school in "Jezebel Row," which they did. There were two or three more attempts to break up the school, but prompt action on the part of the leaders of the school was sufficient to hold them in check. The second Sunday of the school, "Mickey" McFlynn was present, but sober and cleaner than the preceding Sunday. He was asked to take part, but he shook his head sadly and said: "I can't; I don't know nuthin'," but he kept coming Sunday after Sunday, always receiving a pleasant greeting. When Mr. Payle began to attend, he took a fancy to this rough Irish boy (he was about twenty years of age), and one Sunday invited him to come to his office the next day, as he wished to talk with him. To this McFlynn as-

sented, and sure enough, prompt to the minute, he was on time to fulfill his promise.

The lawyer took him into his inner office and began to get the life history of this uncultured youth. He learned that McFlynn had come to America with an uncle some ten years before, his parents being dead. They landed in New York almost penniless, and he started out selling papers, but owing to the fact that he was a perfect stranger, not only to the city, but to the country and people, he did not succeed very well, and his uncle, who drank heavily, beat him unmercifully. He left his uncle after a few months' stay, and since that had drifted about from place to place, until five years before he is introduced to the reader he had come to J——, and had acquired the unenviable reputation of being a "tough citizen." He was large and strong, and when partially under the influence of strong drink, which was quite often, he was considered a dangerous character. With open-hearted freedom he related all the general features of his life in such candor that Mr. Payle did not for a moment doubt his word.

He told about his disturbance of the Sunday-school. He said he went with the intention of

breaking it up, and that Father O'Rane secretly encouraged him in it. He said he had no desire to do better or be better until the young ladies bathed his face and gave him water to drink. He said this was new to him. His life had been "an eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth," but he said that from that very moment he desired to be and do better, but his surroundings were so bad, he had little encouragement to do any better, still he was sure he had improved some.

After Mr. Payle had listened intently to the young man's story, he remarked: "Mr. McFlynn, I have been very much interested in what you have been telling me, and would like to assist you. Would you like a position where you could get steady work at fair wages, and a good place at which to board?"

"An' shure I would, sur."

"You know where the 'Excelsior Plow Works' are, do you not?"

"Aye, well I do, sur," replied McFlynn.

"Well, I am one of the stockholders in that establishment, and I think we need one or two unskilled workmen, who will have a chance for

promotion if they do well. Would you like such a position?"

"Indade I wud, sur, an' I will do ye jest az gud wurrk az I can, an' I know I can lurrn. Anything to get away from me prisent surroundin's."

"All right," replied Mr. Payle, "I will give you a dollar a day and board at first, and increase as you seem to deserve. Also, if you would like to attend night school that is kept on the corner of Main and Pine Streets, it shall cost you nothing, and I will furnish you books; but mark you, you must not touch strong drink in any way. I will help you to be a man if you will help yourself. If, after a good trial, I find you are unworthy of my confidence, I will turn you off and try some one else."

"Oh, Mister Payle, niver ye fear. I'll be thrue to ye. I'll attend the skool, fur I've long wanted to know mor'n I do. I am so thankful to ye!"

There was such an earnest, love-hungry look in the poor boy's eyes, Mr. Payle believed him, and never had cause to regret the confidence he reposed in him, as the sequel will show. The Irish lad began work in the factory that after-

noon at some unskilled labor that he awkwardly but faithfully performed. His fellow-workmen "guyed" him a good deal at first, but day after day he learned the work so rapidly, that their ridicule was changed to astonishment, and with some of them, to envy, that he was passing them on the highway of mechanical knowledge and skill. He was careful and painstaking in details almost to a fault. Long after the most of the workmen had gone to their homes, McFlynn would be seen peeping around here and there, tightening a bolt here, and relieving a bearing there, cleaning off a workman's bench or examining some piece of mechanism he did not understand. He was always busy—in a word, he was traveling the common highway to success, and that was to faithfully attend to the little things of life as they are presented. Truly has it been said, "There is no royal road to success." It is not in wishing or dreaming, but in *doing and being*.

His improvement in the sciences and language, as taught at the night school, was no less marked than at the factory. He by nature was gifted with a strong intellect, and it only needed a development.

It was remarkable, the improvement he made. He became a regular attendant at the Central Church of Christ, notwithstanding he was forbidden to do so by his priest. But since he "wanted to do better" the priest had little influence on him.

The Sunday-school in "Jezebel Row" had such a marked influence for good, that within six months the entire community was greatly changed for the better, and the place was called "Sunday-school Row."

The partition in the building had to be taken out in order to accommodate the regularly increasing attendance. The children generally came with clean hands and faces, in marked contrast with their first attendance.

In the spring following the organization of the school, it was deemed advisable to hold meetings there for a few evenings, to see if a mission church could not be established. Elder Bailey, with a corps of his earnest workers, held forth every evening for two weeks (except Sunday), and a church of forty-four members was organized, thirty-two of this number by primary obedience, among these being—strange to relate—"Old Jezebel." Her conversion was due

to the efforts of Mary Ardmore. It happened on this wise: Miss Ardmore was passing through a slum portion of the city, some four blocks from "Sunday-school Hall," one day, on some mission of mercy, when she met Maggie Manning being dragged to jail in a semi-drunken condition for disturbing the peace.

Beautiful system ours! Establish peace-disturbing factories, and then punish people for patronizing them! Mary's heart was touched at the sad sight, even at the sight of such a degraded creature as Maggie Manning. Men and boys stood hooting and leering, while the young lady's heart was almost bleeding tears of blood. She knew the old hag well. She had often hooted and yelled at Mary as the latter had gone to and from Sunday-school, but that was nothing to her. In a wretched, broken vessel, was a poor disordered spirit destined to exist in an eternity of weal or woe. Maggie was begging the officer to not take her to the "cooler," mingling her entreaties with such awful profanity as to almost cause Satan to hide his head in shame. Mary, going up to the officer, gently touched him on the arm and said: "Please let Maggie go this time, and I will go her security

for good behavior. Please don't take her to jail," and the tears trickling down her cheeks emphasized her petition so strongly that the officer stopped, and looking at her gently, said: "Miss Ardmore, you do not know this woman, do you?"

"Yes, sir; it is Maggie Manning. She has so few friends I want to be her friend. It may be that had I had her temptations and environments, I too might be where she is to-day. 'Oh, Father, have mercy on us all!' Officer, I will pay her fine this time. How much is her usual fine?"

"The usual fine and costs amount to eight or ten dollars, but as she seldom has it, she lies in jail a week or ten days. The only good we get out of it is that we can keep her out of mischief part of the time at least. But I'll let her go this time without any fine for your sake, but I think you'll regret trying to do anything for her; she is too far gone. Ten or fifteen years ago something might have been done, but it is too late now," and he released his hold on the sinful woman. "Couldn't resist such an appeal as that from that pretty young lady," said he

to some of his associates, in explanation of his conduct.

After the crowd had moved on, Maggie, who had seated herself on a stile in front of a saloon when released by the officer, seemed to be in a dazed condition. At last Mary said to her: "Come, Maggie, let's go home."

"Why don't ye call me 'Jezebel,' like the rest of 'em?"

"Oh, I don't think that is nice. Wouldn't you rather be called Maggie?"

"Yes, ma'am, but I don't hear it very often. Why did ye git the pleceman to let me go free?"

"Because I didn't want you to be dragged to jail. I love you, Maggie."

"Love ME? Nobody loves me! How can they? Besides, I yelled and laughed at yer Sunny-school. Ye can't love me."

"Indeed I do, Maggie. I would so much like to see you a better woman," and the tears trickled down Mary's cheeks in great profusion.

They soon reached the poor domicile Maggie called "home," and they stopped in front, and Mary strove to awaken the latent womanhood that she believed was still in the breast of Mag-

gie Manning. Occasionally a carriage would whirl by in which "society" ladies would be sitting, clothed in all their petty splendor. Many of those "society queens" knew both women, for there were scarcely two better known women in the city than Mary Ardmore and Maggie Manning, yet these women were known to occupy exactly opposite positions in the estimation of the people. The former representing the *best* and the latter the *worst* class of society.

Those "butterflies of fashion" who passed by, many of whom never did a single day's useful employment in their lives, would turn up their noses at an angle of seventy-three and one-half degrees to express their contempt for Miss Ardmore for associating with such a vile wretch as "Old Jezebel," yet that old hag, as she was called, was an angel by the side of some of them if their lives had been known. Little did Mary Ardmore care for the flouts of those "society moths," whose empty lives gave the lie to the grandeur of womanhood. She wanted, if possible, to arouse the dormant womanhood in the poor wreck before her, and she little cared who it offended. As she was about to turn away

with sad, wistful eyes, she said: "Now, Maggie, won't you try to be a woman again? I'll help you if you will."

"You'll help me to be good, and get all yer frens down on ye?"

"I don't care who is down on me, so Jesus is with me, and I know he is, for he tried to help such persons as you."

The woman, sobered up by this time, sat down on an old box and sobbed as though her heart would break. "No use, Miss Mary," as she had heard the Sunday-school children call her, "I can't be good, an' nobody loves me unless ye do, an' I begin to bleeve ye do. But oh, Miss Mary, ye don't know how hard it is fer a fallen woman to git up after she has fallen. A man can rise, but a woman can't."

"Yes, Maggie, a woman can rise. It is much more difficult, I confess, but it can be done. If I get you a place in some decent part of the city will you go?"

"Yes, Miss Mary, I will go anywhere you want me to go."

Mary, on returning to her home, explained things to Mrs. Esterly and asked her advice, and Mrs. Esterly had her sent for at once and

installed her as assistant cook, as Maggie had told Mary she had formerly acted as cook.

Mrs. Esterly did not need her, but she hoped she might reclaim her.

The events just recorded occurred some two months before the meeting was held. When it came on, Maggie expressed a desire to attend, and ready consent was given. The result was, as before stated, she became obedient to the "faith once delivered to the saints," in the very center of that district she had made infamous with her misdoings. But few had any confidence in her holding out, but Mary Ardmore had. It was wonderful, the amount of credulity in humanity she had! It was seldom she was deceived, for while she had much confidence in others, she also possessed a remarkable intuition that seemed to show her whom to trust and whom to not trust. She said it were better for her to be deceived a dozen times in trusting others, provided that trust were not sinful, than to wrongly suspect one poor soul, and thereby cause it to lose its hold on hope. Maggie fell two or three times in the course of the next few months, by designing persons giving her rum, but she would immediately go to

her room and at once sleep off the effects of the drink, and then go straight to Mary and confess everything and beg not to cast her off, but pray that she might be stronger.

After she had been at Mr. Esterly's several months, the marks of dissipation gradually wore off, and as she was clean and neat, she was rather a handsome woman, perhaps forty years of age. Many who had known her as old "Jezebel," in a few months did not recognize her at all. Mary gave her private lessons in reading and writing, and Maggie learned with surprising rapidity. She almost worshiped Mary. About a year after she had been at Mr. Esterly's she met "Father O'Rane" (whose father we shall not take time to relate), who roundly scored her for going off with those "Protestant curs," especially that "meddlesome hussy," meaning Miss Ardmore.

"Where was I when those 'curs,' as you call them, found me?" asked Maggie, as her eyes blazed forth with genuine Irish enthusiasm. "I was as low down as any one could get, and neither you nor any of your set ever tried to help me up. Look where I am to-day! I have a pleasant home, can dress well and look

honest people in the face because I am trying to live an upright life. If you speak to me again on the street, I shall have you arrested."

With a sneer on his beer-bloated face, the lecherous old priest turned away, and Maggie was not directly troubled with him any more, but he subjected her to many petty annoyances through others.

The officer who released Maggie at Miss Ardmore's request carefully watched the course of affairs, and was surprised at the result. He became a regular attendant at the Central Church of Christ, and in a few months obeyed the Gospel. He remarked afterward that in saving the victim of the law, Mary had also saved the executor of the law. He said he would never again say that there was no hope; that since Maggie Manning had been rescued, he believed any one could be. He was not the only one astonished; it was the wonder of all who knew her before and after her conversion. But it was not strange, after all; it was simply the triumph of love over hate; truth over tradition.

We must close this chapter, and in the next go in search of Dr. Harlow, of whom we have not heard for a long time.

CHAPTER X.

Home is the crystal of society, and domestic love and duty are the best security for all that is most dear to us on earth.—*Samuel Smiles.*

We now turn to Dr. Harlow in his wanderings. After an absence of nearly five years, in which he had traveled all through Europe and had visited all of its principal cities, and even paid a flying visit to the "City of the Great King," we find him in the spring of 1890 in London, en route for his native land, stopping a few weeks with some friends he had made on his trip through there, nearly five years before.

He had ordered his mail sent there, and some had been following him for nearly three months and was somewhat old when he received it, but a marked copy of the *Dreelsburg Gazette*, a paper published near Brookfield, contained the followed item that was of special interest to Melvin Harlow. It read as follows: "Married, at the Christian parsonage on last evening, by Elder Crowder, Mr. Joseph Allen and Miss Mary Ardmore, all of this city. The *Gazette* extends the congratulations of this firm to the

newly-wedded pair, and also extends the compliments of the season."

This was all; but it was too much, short as it was, to be enjoyed by Dr. Harlow. While he had no claim on Miss Ardmore, yet he sharply felt the pain caused by her marriage to another. He looked at the date of the paper, and found that the wedding had occurred on the preceding Christmas, more than three months before. He grew sick, and then rallying, he exclaimed to himself:

"How foolish I am to take the matter to heart. She is nothing to me!" But his heart said: "She was *everything* to you."

He read the item over and over to see if he could make it anything else, but he could not.

"The notice says, 'All of this city.' How comes that? Ah, I remember hearing that Mary went away shortly after I left," mused the physician, "and I suppose it was to Dreelsburg. Allen bought an interest in a store there just before I left the States. Well, joy go with them." Yet his heart was not in the sentiment.

A day or two after this he went into the office of Dr. Dunbar, a physician of extensive practice, whose acquaintance he had formed as he

passed through on his outward trip some five years before. After a while spent in getting re-acquainted, the London physician remarked:

"Well, Doctor, you have been 'on the wing' for quite a while. It has been about three years, has it not?"

"It will be five years in September."

"Is it possible! How time does fly! At this rate I will soon be an old man, and later on I must die."

Yes, time does fly, yet it seems an age since I left America. It seems that a century has been crowded into a half decade. But now I am homeward bound, and yet that word 'home' seems a mockery to one who is without a home. I have known nothing practically of home since my parents died, several years ago. I have become used to hotel and boarding-house life, but I do not like it. It will seem good to get back under 'Old Glory,' as we Americans call the Stars and Stripes, but after all I will have no place I can call 'Home.' But thank God, I am not a Benedict Arnold, that I dare not go back. I have sufficient wealth, however, that I can 'pay my way,' and that is some comfort."

"Well, Harlow, why don't you get married

and settle down and build up a home. Marry one of our nice English women, for instance."

"Ah, Doctor, that question of why I don't marry is a good deal easier asked than answered. If marriage were a purely commercial transaction or a social affair, I would have been married long ago, and you and I would have never met. But I have perhaps peculiar notions about marriage, and think that love ought to enter very largely into matrimony, and because this is too often eliminated, divorces are the result."

"Well, my dear sir, can you not find a woman in all this wide, wide world that you can love?"

"Not as a wife. There are plenty of good women—perhaps too good for me—but none that I would care to wed for life. There was just one woman in the world, and it was for her I left America."

"She jilted you, did she?" inquired the elder Doctor.

"No, sir; had you known Mary Ardmore you would not have suspected her of jilting any one, for a truer woman never breathed the air of heaven."

"Well, did she die?" asked Dr. Dunbar in a more subdued tone.

"No, sir; she was living last Christmas at least. I have not heard concerning her since."

"Pardon me for my inquisitiveness, Harlow, but you have aroused my curiosity somewhat. Did you have reason to believe the young lady loved you?"

"Every reason in the world."

"Then why in the name of common sense did you not marry and be done with it? Did the parents object?"

"There were no parental objections. The obstacle in the way of our union was *religion*, and that has ever been a disturbing factor in the world. It is that which binds together, and that rends asunder."

"Was the young lady of whom you speak irreligious?"

"On the contrary, a more devout, godly, exemplary Christian lady it would be difficult to find."

"You speak in riddles, Doctor. Explain yourself in good English."

"The trouble was, Dunbar, she was a member of one church, and I of another."

"Why should that interfere?"

"Well, she thought we could not live happily together."

"To what churches did you belong?"

"I belonged to the Methodist and she to the Christian, or Church of Christ. That church is not very strong here in England, but they are very numerous and aggressive in America, especially in the central and western portions."

"Could you not compromise in some way? Why did you not convince her you were right?"

"I tried it and failed. We met and went over the grounds of difference between us. I failed to convince her, but she did convince me."

"Then why did you not accept her position and go with her?"

"It was only another case of 'Convince a man against his will, and he's of the same opinion still.' In judgment I was thoroughly convinced that she was right, but my heart rebelled against it. I was born and reared a Methodist, and it was very hard for me to give up my early training, especially as I was helped in this by some of my 'Job's Comforters,' who

told me if I did unite with the Church of Christ, people would say it was to get the girl, and I was foolish enough to believe them. So bothered and confused, I bade Mary Ardmore adieu, and sailed for Europe."

"Why did you not agree upon some other church? The Episcopal, for instance, which is the true church."

"Because neither of us cared to examine all the churches in Christendom, and as for the Episcopal Church, we scarcely gave it a thought, as we both considered her the daughter of Rome."

"Why, my dear sir, do you not know that we present an unbroken line of 'succession,' from the days of the apostles down to the present time?"

"A 'succession' of what?" inquired the American physician. "A succession of error, misrule, tyranny? If that is what you mean, I think you can establish your claim. If, on the other hand, by 'succession' you mean a 'succession of Holy Orders,' conferred by the laying on of hands in unbroken succession, I must differ from you very widely."

"We can show an unbroken line of 'laying on

of hands' from Peter to the present time."

"If you do, it must be through the Church of Rome, and I suppose you are hardly willing to admit such a succession. The fact is, Dunbar, the Episcopal Church, or Church of England, is an off-shoot from the Roman Catholic Theocracy, try as hard as you may to disclaim the fact."

"Yet I do deny it most emphatically. But passing that by, what objection have you to the Church of England?"

"Several," replied Dr. Harlow. "In the first place, I do not like its founder. Henry VIII. was one of the worst men that ever swayed a royal sceptre. Had Anne Boleyn been homely, it is probable the Church of England would never have been established, unless perchance some other beautiful 'Cleopatra' had lured the lecherous king to divorce his wife."

"That is a pretty severe charge, Harlow," seriously asserted Dr. Dunbar.

"I am well aware of that fact; and it is all the more severe because it is true."

"May you not be unduly prejudiced against us, Harlow? Have you studied our history and acquainted yourself with our glorious past?

May not your prejudice against us arise from ignorance concerning us?"

"It *might*, but it doesn't," replied the younger physician. "I am not unduly prejudiced against your church. Some of my warmest friends belong to that communion, and I respect their honest convictions, but my respect for their honest opinions does not close my eyes to the errors of their teachings. I am not speaking against persons, but doctrines."

"Good sir, will you please mention some errors of teaching in our church?"

"Willingly. Its head is human, and should be divine. The king or queen of England is the head of your church, while Christ is the only Head of His body, the church (Eph. 1: 22, 23)."

"Oh, we recognize Christ as a head, but there must be an earthly head."

"In this I think you mistake, Doctor," replied Melvin. "The New Testament, that all Protestants are supposed to recognize as being true, nowhere intimates that there is a divine and a human head to the church of the Living God. If that were true, it would be a two headed creature—an anomaly in nature as well

as in grace. The fact is, Dunbar, no one man was ever placed at the head of the church."

"What of Peter and his keys?" asked the doughty Londoner.

"The man that uses keys is not supposed to be the head of an institution. The cashier of a bank holds the keys, or the combination to the money vaults, but it is only for the purpose of opening, not of dictating how the bank shall be run. Peter's mission was simply to open the door of the kingdom, which he did at Jerusalem about A. D. 34, and eight years later, or about A. D. 42, at the house of Cornelius in Cæsarea, when the Gospel for the first time was made known to the Gentiles. No supremacy was given Peter over the rest of the apostles. He was simply the porter that used heaven's key in opening the kingdom —the church."

"Do you pretend to say there is no such thing as a regular ministry taught in the New Testament?"

"No, sir; I did not intimate anything of the kind. I believe in a regularly appointed ministry, provided that ministry is appointed by the church, but not otherwise. I do not be-

lieve in a self-appointed officiary unknown to the New Testament.

"The Church of England claims a succession of bishops," continued Harlow, "through an unbroken line by the laying on of 'holy hands,' and yet we know there have been many breaks in the chain. The boast of the Episcopal Church is its 'Historic Episcopate,' and yet any careful New Testament and history reading student can readily see there is no such thing in either promise or fact. There is not the least hint of anything of the kind in the entire Bible. They claim an unbroken line of living men who have received this 'laying-on-of-hands' blessing, yet they haven't a particle of proof of such a position."

"I think you mistake, Harlow, in that. I think we can show an unbroken line of bishops, from the apostles down to the present time."

"Please do so, then," requested Melvin.

"Oh, I cannot show it now. My time has been so taken up with pills and plasters, 'diagnosis' and 'prognosis,' that I have not had time to give to this question of succession, or any other religious subject for that matter, but I have heard the question thoroughly explained,

and it was very conclusive to me that the doctrine of the 'Historic Episcopate' is true."

"Do you consider it true because you are *satisfied*, or are you *satisfied* because it is *true?* My dear sir, you admit that you have not investigated, and I take it that you consider it true because you are satisfied, and yet that is no proof at all. Men are satisfied about a great many things, and yet they are sadly in error. The great trouble in the religious world is, too many take things for granted that ought to be proven. Men *claim* that there has been an unbroken line of men who have received holy ordination to the ministry by the laying on of 'holy hands,' and yet they can adduce no proof. Others besides yourself have been too busy at something else to find the doctrine taught in the Bible. The Catholics, the Episcopalians, the Baptists (not all of them, however), and some others, I believe. Now, which shall we believe? Or shall we believe either? I think the right way is to reject the doctrine of 'apostolic succession' *in toto* and claim only a succession of the truth."

"What do you mean by a 'succession of truth?'" inquired Dr. Dunbar.

"I mean that the truth has succeeded the truth, from one generation to another. That while it has always had to contend against error, it has suffered most by being mixed with it, and yet it has stood the test, and the truth that saves and redeems now, is the same old truth that fell from living lips of living men, sent by the living God more than eighteen hundred years ago. The Gospel preached by the apostles, that was declared to be the power of God unto salvation (Rom. 1: 16), is still God's power to save. If it could be proven that there has been an unbroken line of men to administer the ordinances, it would be of no particular value, as there would be no salvation in it."

"Passing by the question of succession, what other serious objection have you to the Church of England?" asked the resident physician.

"I have several, but I haven't time to state them to-day. I promised Dr. Ridley I would meet him in consultation at three o'clock, and it will be that time ere we reach the place, I fear. I had no thought when I came in here of getting into such a controversy on religion, yet I delight in conversing on religious topics, and discussing religious questions. Not to debate

and wrangle, but to learn. I used to accept certain propositions because they received the support of good men; and they had accepted them for the very same reason, without any investigation. But that day with me is past. I henceforth accept no statement because held as true by good men. I propose to investigate."

"I am sure I have enjoyed the talk, Harlow, and should like to renew it in the near future. You have discovered that I am not a very well-versed 'churchman,' because, as I have already intimated, I have been too busy to investigate, and yet I believe I understand our teaching as well as the average communicant.

"You have intimated that there are more objectionable features to our teachings, and I should like to hear them. Of course I do not suppose I shall agree with you, but I should like to learn, at any rate. Can you not come up and take tea with us to-morrow evening? Will send a horse and coach for you."

Dr. Harlow, accepting the invitation, took his leave.

CHAPTER XI.

"Truth is only got at by assaulting and laying low the surroundings that throw it out of proportion and hide it from view."—*Bishop Butler.*

"Truth, and a soul that is ready for the truth, meet like fuel and flame."—*Phillips Brooks.*

"The only thing I have any satisfaction in, as respects myself, is the consciousness I have that I loved the truth, and, above all things, have desired to know it."—*Horace Bushnell.*

THE young American physician went to take tea with Dr. Dunbar, as arranged for, described in the previous chapter.

After tea they repaired to the parlor, where the conversation soon drifted into a religious channel. The host remarked: "Well, Doctor, you said you had several more objections to our church, and I would like to hear them, and I think I can convince you that they are unfounded. We English people are very proud of our history and our church, and when one protests against either, we want him to file *intelligent* protests, which I am assured you will do, although they will be mistaken protests. Now I confess I could not answer the questions you

propounded in regard to church succession, but I have been looking the matter up somewhat, and find that we can show an unbroken line of succession back to the apostles."

"Do you find the line through the Catholic Church?" asked Dr. Harlow.

"Yes, I suppose you would consider it through that church."

"Then why not go back to mother Rome? Why accept the teachings of the daughter when we may receive the teachings of the mother direct?"

"Because the mother is wrong."

"That is what she says about the daughter," replied Melvin. "How shall we decide the matter? Leave it to history?"

"I suppose so."

"Then you will lose your case, for history is against you. The Catholics can trace their laying on of hands to Constantine the 'Great,' with only two breaks in the chain, and that is better than any other church can do, but the Catholics must accept the facts of history, that the papal chair has twice been filled with women clothed in male attire, and this, if nothing else, would knock their succession theory higher than

'Gilderoy's kite,' for they do not allow that women may occupy that high position. But let us hear your arguments in favor of succession."

"You have gotten me muddled, Harlow, and I can't get my thoughts collected. In fact, I see that to prove succession I must first prove it for the Roman Catholic Church, and then for ours, and I prefer to leave it unproven. Let us have your next objection."

"I learned before I left America that we ought not to name the church after a certain formula of government, or peculiarities of worship."

"How much better is 'Methodist?' " quickly interrogated Dr. Dunbar.

"No better." I am not a very good Methodist any longer."

"Why are not the names Methodist and Episcopal all right to distinguish one from the other?"

"They would be all right to distinguished each other if there was any authority for these human organizations."

"Why are they not all right to distinguish one divine institution from one another?"

"Because there is but one divine institution, that is the church of the living God."

"I agree with you in that. I am sure there is but one true church, and that is the Episcopal Church."

"Proof, please. Where does the Bible say anything about the Episcopal Church?"

"Oh, there is nothing said about the name in the Bible, of course. The name is immaterial."

"That is what I thought once, Doctor, until the young lady of whom I spoke in our conversation yesterday convinced me, when we were having a friendly discussion, similar to ours, that names are of much importance. What is there particularly honoring to Christ in either Episcopal or Methodist?"

"Oh, there is nothing at all, I suppose."

"Well, 'Whatsoever ye do in word or in deed, do all as unto the Lord,' and it would require a profundity of wisdom beyond the range of the ordinary mortal to see any honor to God in these human names."

"Oh, well the names are immaterial any way, I insist," lightly remarked Dr. Dunbar.

"There is where I think you make a grave mistake, Doctor. Names are *very* material. It

is *very* material to the value of a draft that it have the proper signature. You would not accept and receipt a £100 draft with just any one's name attached to it. You would want to be sure that the name represented something of value. The name of Jesus is above every name, because it represents, or stands for, his authority. Then why *should* we not honor it?"

"In one sense we do honor it, for *all* claim to be Christians," replied the host.

"Yes, but you honor the Episcopacy first, and incidentally honor Christ. It is too much like the honor the Catholics pay to Christ. For every prayer made to, or through him, fifty are offered to and through the Virgin Mary. There is, therefore, fifty times more honor paid to a woman than to the Son of God. And in the titles applied to the various churches there is little honor paid to Christ. What is there in the names Methodist, Baptist, Episcopal, etc., to suggest Christ to the uninstructed?"

"Nothing at all," admitted the Englishman. "I must confess there is much force in what you say."

"What names would you suggest to be worn

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by the people of God?" asked Mrs. Dunbar, who had hitherto remained silent.

"It is not for me to suggest," replied Melvin. "I think we ought to be governed by God's law of the kingdom, rather than by human suggestions and individual likes and dislikes."

"Well, what do you consider the law of the Lord teaches on the subject of names for the people of God?" inquired the lady.

"I will answer that question, Mrs. Dunbar, by doing as we Yankees are accused of doing—asking another. Suppose the Doctor here should conclude to locate in another part of the city, and instead of buying improved property, he determines to purchase the ground and build to suit himself. He makes the purchase of the ground, hires a contractor, pays all bills and has general oversight of the entire work. Whose house would it be?"

"It would be his, of course," replied Mrs. Dunbar.

"If people should get in the habit of referring to it as the 'Smith' mansion, or the 'Brown' property, and scarcely ever mention your husband's name in connection with it, do you

think it would be treating your husband just right?"

"Certainly not. But why do you use such an illustration as that, Doctor?"

"The application is this: Jesus is the one who, through his workmen (the apostles), builded his mansion, the Church, as he declared to Peter he would do (Matt. 16: 18). He furnished the material (his blood) to pay for this edifice—the Church (Acts 20: 28). He had the planning, the arranging, the entire oversight, and yet men call this spiritual structure after *men* and *measures*, rather than after the Great Head of the Church."

"I must confess that this is a new way of looking at the question," Mrs. Dunbar remarked. "From your reasoning I infer that you think the church should be named for its Builder, Christ, and I must confess that you have presented a very strong argument in favor of its being so called. We have a church about five squares from here that calls itself the 'Church of Christ,' but I do not know anything about it."

"I didn't know that you had any of that body of people over here. They are very numerous

in America, but I do not know their strength in other countries. They are right in that respect at least, *i. e.*, in the honor they pay to Christ by wearing his name. I believe all his disciples should wear his name and strive to be worthy of it."

"Which is the more important, Doctor, the name or the doctrine?" asked Dr. Dunbar.

"Truth is the most important thing, whether in name or doctrine."

"Well, we may possibly be wrong in name, but I am sure we are right in doctrine. Can you point out any error of teaching, Harlow?"

"I think so. I do not think your baptism is scriptural."

"Which you Methodists allow is right," retorted the host.

"Hold, Dunbar, let me explain. In our conversation yesterday, I referred to a scriptural investigation between a young lady and myself, in which I mentioned the fact that I was (then) a Methodist, and she a Christian,—I mean a member of the Church of Christ, as they prefer to be called. I further mentioned, I believe, that because we could not agree upon the subject of religion, our otherwise would-be engage-

ment was foiled, and I started out to lose the very thoughts of that woman, and also to strengthen my faith in Methodism. I have lamentably failed in both. The thoughts of the woman have never forsaken me (though I have learned since coming to the city that she is married, and of course is nothing to me now more than any other woman), and instead of having my Methodism strengthened, it has grown weaker, so that now I am only a nominal Methodist. You need not, therefore, try to rebut my argument by referring to what the Methodist Church teaches. The question with me is not, 'Is it Methodism, or Presbyterianism, or is it Episcopalianism,' but is it TRUTH? Truth in a fair contest will always drive error from the field."

"I am willing to let the question *rest on its own merit*. You think that we and the Methodists and most of the so-called orthodox churches are wrong in baptism?" interrogatively asserted Dr. Dunbar.

"Indeed I do," averred Dr. Harlow with kind but firm tone.

"Then why are you not re-baptized?" asked the hostess.

"Because I have been baptized, and those who have been baptized do not need to be re-baptized. 'One Lord, one faith, ONE BAPTISM' is the way the Apostle Paul puts it in the fourth chapter of the Ephesian letter."

"Oh, you were 'dipped' before you left America, were you?" with the slightest possible sneer on the fourth word.

Without at all regarding the tone in which the question was asked, and in the kindest manner possible, Dr. Harlow replied: "No, ma'am. As I have already intimated, I left America to forget the young lady referred to, and to strengthen my religious faith, but I failed in both. Since my conversation with Miss Ardmore I have been greatly troubled about my baptism, and so I have been to some of the best universities of Europe to get proof of my position, but have failed. I searched through the University at Edinburgh, and conversed with a number of her eminent professors, but they gave me no light, *i. e.*, the kind of light I wanted. I visited Oxford with the same result. I next visited Berlin, and in that great university of that great German city, I expected to find something that would give me hope that

affusion would answer the purpose, but I was doomed to disappointment."

"Why, the German Lutherans practice affusion," asserted Mrs. Dunbar.

"Very true; but Luther, together with all the great scholars who were his contemporaries, admitted that immersion was the primitive practice, and Luther said it should still be practiced. I conversed with a number of professors, and they all claimed that *ein tauchen*, corresponding to baptism in English, *always* means to 'plunge, to overwhelm, to submerge.' Some of the professors were avowed agnostics, and 'poohed' at the Bible and baptism, but when pressed to give the meaning of baptism as scholars, they did not hesitate to say that it always and invariably means a submersion.

"I was unwilling to give up, and in the course of my wanderings I went to Athens, the seat of Greek learning. Now, I thought, I will find something to help me out. I knew that the New Testament was written in the Greek language, and I reasoned, and I think correctly, that they would be apt to have it right, if any people in the world would, so far as the meaning of words is concerned. I met a great many

learned men, through the kindness of the United States minister there, and had unusually favorable opportunities for finding out anything I wanted to know. The professors were very kind to me. As I was in Athens some eighteen months, I had many conversations with them. One day, in conversation with Dr. Diomedes Kyriasko, one of the professors in the university of Athens, I asked him if sprinkling and pouring could not be taken as a meaning of baptism, at least in a secondary sense. He replied: 'The verb *baptizo* in the Greek language never has the meaning of to pour or sprinkle, but invariably that of to dip.'

"I consulted Prof. Komonides Maganthani, another eminent professor in the university, and he said: 'Doctor, we Greeks laugh at you foreigners for trying to make *baptizo* in its various forms mean anything but an entire submersion. Of course the word itself doesn't signify the element. One may be baptized in many things, but it always means an entire overwhelming. If you wish to get away from the force of submersion, you must get away from the Greek language, for it will ever be against you.'

"I was greatly worried over it, for my reliance in Greek had not only failed me, but had proven positively disastrous to my views. I studied over it until I was almost sick. I concluded I would review the English of it. I read where John was 'baptizing in Enon near to Salim because there was much water there' (John 3: 23). I had always heard our preachers say they gathered there because they needed water for their stock. But when I read it carefully it did not read that 'John was watering his stock in Enon because there was much water, and incidentally he baptized some.' But it was clearly stated that he was '*baptizing*' there, because there was 'much' water. I knew they would not need much water for affusion, so here was a strong argument for immersion I had hitherto overlooked. I also examined John 3: 5, and was forced to admit that there is nothing in sprinkling or pouring that has the remotest semblance of a birth. In fact, I practically went over the same grounds I had gone over with Miss Ardmore before I left America, but with new light.

"I was in Athens, as I have already stated, about a year and a half, and of course visited

all the principal places of interest. I saw the Acropolis where Paul the Powerful stood when he rebuked the Athenians for their Polytheism and other gross sins. I visited the Parthenon, or temple of Athena Parthenos, regarded as one of the most wonderful and perfect pieces of architecture ever executed. As already intimated, I visited the university quite often and had free access to the vast library of 150,000 volumes. I visited several of the gymnasia and other places of interest in that interesting city of Greece, but nothing interested me so much as the information I received in how to obey God. After I had been there more than a year, I became firmly convinced that I had not obeyed my Savior in baptism, and learning of a native Baptist minister, with the United States Minister, I went to him and requested baptism. He seemed surprised, not that I demanded to be baptized, but that I should come to him. After a little reflection he said it was out of the regular order, but he would grant my request. By permission of the authorities we went to one of the public pools kept for ablutionary purposes, and upon a simple profession of my faith as made by the Ethiopian eunuch, I was 'buried in

baptism,' and the question of my obedience in that particular was forever settled. Since that, my reading and observation have only tended to more strongly convince me, if possible, that I did right. I *know I have been baptized*, which I could not conscientiously say before my burial in baptism."

"Well, Harlow, you have had quite an experience, I must say," remarked Dr. Dunbar, "and I must confess there is more argument in favor of immersion than I had supposed. But how can all our churchmen be wrong and you right?"

"Your churchmen admit that I am right. Rev. Stephen H. Tyng, of New York City, a few years since, in speaking of the encouragements of Adoniram Judson in Birmah, after the many years of discouragements, said: 'How that good man must have felt when he went down into the Irrawaddy to baptize his first converts after the apostolic mode.' This great churchman here admits that the 'apostolic mode,' as he calls it, was immersion.

"Bishop Nicholson, another high churchman, says: 'In baptism, while our bodies are

under the water, we may be said to be buried with Him.'

"Rev. Daniel Whitby, also one of your able ministers and a learned commentator, says: 'Immersion being observed by all Christians, and approved by our church.' "

"Then why does not our church practice immersion?" interrupted Dr. D.

"It is only another case of inconsistency, as I view it," replied the younger physician. "They admit it was the primitive action, but claim that we are at liberty to change the action to suit the climate, and the desires of the individual, which right I deny. I deny that we have the right to change *any* of God's commands. If we can change in one thing, we can in another, and so we can change the entire plan of salvation to suit our own peculiar whims. This substituting the human for the divine has been the curse of the centuries. It was this that gave rise to the Great Apostasy."

The religious part of the controversy was here dropped, and ere long Dr. Harlow took his departure.

After he had gone Dr. Dunbar and his wife sat and talked until midnight about the things

that had been spoken to them. It was a new doctrine to them. They hardly knew what to make of it. They had both heard of Rev. Moore's Tabernacle, only a few blocks away, and they knew from hearsay that what Dr. Harlow had taught was what was being preached at the Christian Tabernacle, and they resolved to go and hear Dr. Moore for themselves.

On the following Lord's day they went to Mr. Moore's church, St. James Square, Notting Hill, and heard the reverend gentleman on "The Setting Up of the Kingdom," which was a masterly presentation of the Word, and proved to be a wonderful means of enlightenment to the physician and his wife. They kept attending services at the Tabernacle; they had frequent conversations with Mr. Moore, and some two months after their conversation with Dr. Harlow they humbly obeyed the Gospel by being baptized.

Dr. Dunbar and his intelligent and amiable wife became quite enthusiastic in their new church relationship, though they were bitterly persecuted by their former brethren. Having considerable means, the physician established a cheap eating-house in a portion of "sub-

merged'' London. It cost him £5,000 to get it on a self-sustaining basis, but he had the satisfaction of knowing that very many of the very poor were helped on to a better life by a little help extended them in the hour of great extremity. Many were made good, honest, sober citizens by receiving help at the right time. A little help at the right time is of much more value than much help at the wrong time.

CHAPTER XII.

"As Thou wilt, what Thou wilt, when Thou wilt."
—*Thomas a Kempis.*

SUCH were the sentiments of Dr. Harlow on a pleasant June evening in 1890, as he set sail for America from Liverpool.

He was determined to accept with resignation whatever be his lot to do and bear. He resolved to accept with fortitude whatever the Lord was pleased to put upon him, and say, "Blessed be the name of the Lord."

His mind went back over the nearly half decade since he left his native land, and he thought of the many changes that must have taken place in that time. Try as hard as he might, he could not drive the thought of Mary Ardmore from his mind. He strove to do so with all his power, but without avail.

He prayed to God for strength to put away the thoughts of the woman that had filled his life with her sunshine even in his darkness, yet his thoughts of her were as pure as the dews of heaven.

In due time he reached the metropolis of

America, where he proposed spending a few weeks before proceeding to Chicago, where he intended to locate, for a time at least, with an uncle in the practice of medicine. As he had hardly stopped at New York on his outward-bound trip, there were many things to attract his attention even in his own country. He had some acquaintances in the city. Mr. Edward Tazewell, attorney at law, was a college mate of Dr. Harlow's, and warmly greeted him, and told him to come to his house and make it his home as long as he wished to stay in the city. This the physician very courteously declined, but told him he would make a call at his home. He had been there but a few days until he received an invitation to take tea at Mr. Tazewell's one evening. Just a few invited guests were present. Rev. John Alvin, of Dallas, Texas, a brother of Mrs. Tazewell, was there on a visit, who was introduced as a Baptist minister.

A very pleasant hour was spent before tea was served (owing to the unavoidable tardiness of one of the guests, tea was a little late), and after tea they all repaired to the beautiful little lawn in front of the house, where they gathered

in groups of two or three. Dr. Harlow and Rev. Alvin were by chance seated near each other, and soon fell into a conversation. The minister, learning before tea that the physician was just returning from an extended tour in Europe, was very inquisitive, though not rudely so, in regard to his journey. After a short pause in the conversation, Rev. Alvin asked, "Doctor, are you a member of any church?"

To which the physician replied, "I hardly know how to answer that question in an intelligent manner. I was, before I left America, a member of the Methodist Episcopal Church, but in my travels I performed an act that, while it would not in and of itself separate me from that church, was not regular, to say the least."

"What was your 'irregular act,' may I ask?"

"Before I left America I had quite a controversy on the subject of baptism with a young lady friend, on the design and action of that ordinance. She was more than a match for me in the discussion, but as I had always been taught Methodism, I could not accept her theory. Not long after this I started on my trip to Europe, and I hoped to wear off this impression

that had been made on my mind on the subject of baptism, but instead I wore it on. I visited all the more important cities of Europe, and finally went to Athens, where I remained longer than in any other one place. I was there about a year and a half. I had excellent opportunities for informing myself, and I did inform myself, until I was thoroughly convinced that I had not been baptized, and being introduced by the United States Minister, I asked a native Baptist preacher to baptize me, and he did so, at the same time saying that it was out of the usual order. So I performed an irregular act, so far as my church was concerned, and the preacher did an irregular act, so far as his church was concerned. I did not formally connect myself with the Baptist Church, partly because I was only there temporarily, so it would be hard to say where I belong."

"The very fact that you were baptized by a Baptist minister would constitute you a member of our communion," asserted the clerical gentleman.

"Yes, but there are thirteen kinds of Baptists. Which kind would I be? I do not know what kind the Greek was."

"Oh, it is evident that he was a Missionary Baptist, though his course was certainly very irregular. I do not approve of such a loose way of doing business, but you will doubtless unite with the Baptist Church when you locate again, and so I suppose it will do."

"I do not think I shall, Reverend. I feel quite sure I shall unite with the Church of Christ," answered Melvin.

"What! The 'Campbellite Church'? You might as well turn infidel at once," testily remarked the preacher.

"I did not intimate, sir, that I would join the 'Campbellite Church.' I said the Church of Christ."

"Oh, well, we all know what is meant. They claim to be the Church of Christ, but they are not. They are only 'Campbellites,'" warmly replied Rev. Alvin.

"I would suggest that the spirit you manifest in calling that people a nickname indicates prejudice and pride, my brother, that is not at all in keeping with the great brotherhood you are supposed to represent. To liken that people to infidels is not in keeping with the spirit of the Divine Master. I know that people,

and I know they are a pious, godly, earnest body of Christian workers."

"Well, I have no patience with them. Why, they deny the operation of the Holy Ghost, the divinity of Christ, heartfelt religion, indeed all the most precious doctrines of the saints."

At this point in the conversation a young lady by the name of Bowen, who lived in Des Moines, Iowa, and who was visiting a sister in the city, having been listening very intently remarked:

"Pardon me, gentlemen. Would you allow me to say a word? I do not wish to seem impertinent."

"No impertinence at all," remarked the minister, who hoped she had something to add to his side of the controversy.

"Speak, Miss Bowen; we shall be glad to hear you," added the Doctor.

"I wish to say this," resumed the young lady, "I am a member of the Church of Christ, and I think I know what we teach, and when one comes up and charges us with denying the operation of the Holy Spirit, the divinity of Christ, and a heart religion, I feel like denying the charge. We have one of the largest insti-

tutions of learning in our brotherhood in our city, and we have the strongest membership of any church in the city of 60,000 inhabitants. I have heard our ablest men, and I know that they do not deny the operation of the Spirit. I have heard my pastor, Bro. Breeden, of the Central Church, say repeatedly, in substance, that a work not carried on according to the direction of the Holy Spirit is of no avail. That every Christian receives the Spirit as a gift, as the 'earnest of his inheritance.' He emphasizes the importance of Christ's divinity. He says that it is the foundation stone upon which the church rests. The divinity of Jesus is the cardinal doctrine of our plea."

"Why, Miss, you do not believe that Christ is the 'Very and Eternal God!'"

"No, but we do believe he is the Son of the 'Very and Eternal God.' That he is as divine as God himself. One must profess to believe in the divine Sonship to gain admittance into one of our churches."

"Oh, well, you believe in 'baptismal regeneration,'" sneeringly remarked the preacher.

"Again you mistake, my dear sir," answered Miss Bowen. "We do not teach or believe

baptismal regeneration, but we believe in Spirit regeneration and water birth, just as the Savior told Nicodemus, and we are consistent, to say the least, which I fear could not be said of our Baptist brethren."

"In what are we inconsistent?" inquired the clergyman.

"In that you claim that baptism is unimportant, so far as eternal life is concerned; that one can be saved as well without it as with it, and yet one can not get into the Baptist Church without it. The logical conclusion would be, that the Baptist Church is more important than the kingdom of heaven, or that it requires more to gain admission into the Baptist Church than to get into heaven. Mark you, I do not charge you with advocating such a doctrine, but that is the logical conclusion from the premises."

"Well, we are the only church, and baptism administered by any one else is not only not valid, but a sin."

"Why, then, do you receive members into your communion upon their baptism that has been performed by a minister of another religious body?"

"I do not. I baptize all who come from other religious bodies."

"In that you are different from your brethren in the north, for they never re-baptize those coming from other religious bodies."

"Oh, I do not re-baptize. 'Re' means again, and to say that they were re-baptized would imply that they had been baptized. As already intimated, I do not admit that any but a regularly ordained Baptist can scripturally baptize."

"Well, what about the members of the Christian Church in Des Moines uniting with the Baptist Church, which is rarely the case, on their Christian Church baptism and then removing to Dallas with a letter of good recommendation from the Des Moines church. What would you do about it?"

"H'm—ah—h'm! It is hardly a supposable case," replied the minister.

Here Mrs. Tazewell, who was a member of the Presbyterian Church, spoke up:

"Yes, it is a supposable case, brother John, only you do not need to separate the churches so far apart as Des Moines, Iowa, and Dallas, Texas. Last summer, when I was visiting in Southern Illinois, I was in a pretty little city

of some 5,000 inhabitants and learned of a case very similar to the one supposed, but a little more inconsistent. In this town of D—, to which I have referred, the Baptists and Christians both have strong churches, and there is considerable rivalry between them. The Baptists practice rebaptism altogether, but the Baptist Church at C—, some twenty miles away, a seat of learning where the people are a little more liberal-minded, do not require rebaptism, but take members into full fellowship who have been immersed into other religious bodies. It seems there was a Baptist lady in D— whose husband was a member of the Christian Church, or Church of Christ, as they prefer to be called. She was very anxious that her husband go with her and she kept constantly 'nagging' him until he finally consented to join the Baptist Church, provided it would take him on his baptism. The matter was presented to the minister, but he sadly shook his head. 'We can't do it,' he said. 'It would be contrary to our rules, but,' brightening up, he said, 'I'll tell you what you do,' addressing the would-be-member, 'if you will not be rebaptized, take a letter from the Christian Church and go down

to C— and join the Baptist Church there, and then get a letter from them and present it to us and you will be received into full fellowship, for we are bound to respect the acts of a sister congregation.' So you see, John, that man could get Baptist baptism, or its equivalent, by a forty miles' ride on the railway, and not even wet his feet," laughed Mrs. Tazewell. "That is worse than we Presbyterians are even charged with doing, for we do require a *little* water, but in that case I just cited not a drop of water was required."*

"The fact is, Mrs. Tazewell," remarked Miss Bowen, "that Baptist minister at D— knew that the would-be member had been *scripturally baptized*, and wanted to recognize it as such, but could not do it because restricted by the 'rules of the church.' "

"I am sorry our brethren in the north are so lax in their requirements for church membership. They lack 'moral stamina.' What you call liberality is nothing but the spirit of compromise with the world," said Rev. Alvin as he heaved a sigh.

"I do not think so," replied Dr. Harlow.

* An actual occurrence.—J. H. S.

"Before I went to Europe I had visited both north and south, and while I could see a marked difference between the Baptists in the two sections, the difference was greatly in favor of the northern section, so far as intelligence and spirituality were concerned. For instance, in one southern city where I visited, the Baptist Church was almost wholly sustained by two wholesale liquor dealers, but I never knew of such a case in the north. I do not discriminate against the Baptists, for the same in a large measure was true of other churches in that city, but I mention this to show that the southern Baptists have no grounds for boasting over their brethren in the colder regions."

"Well, I am a Baptist and I am proud of it," boastfully asserted Rev. Alvin, "and I get very much disgusted at many of my brethren for catering to other religious bodies, in joining in 'union meetings' as though they were all right."

"It is not an admission that all things are right in others by uniting in one thing that is right," Miss Bowen remarked. "I believe we ought to unite in all things wherein there is no

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sacrifice of principle, and in this way we can perhaps teach those that are wrong the way of the Lord more perfectly."

"There is but one right way, and that is the way taught by the Baptist Church," doggedly asserted the preacher.

"Which Baptist Church do you mean?" inquired the young lady. "There are no less than thirteen kinds of Baptist churches. When you speak of the Baptist Church, I do not know what one you mean."

"Oh, I mean ours—the Missionary, of course—the others are spurious, illegitimate offsprings of the Baptist Church."

"Do you think that no one will be saved but those who belong to your communion?" inquired Dr. Harlow.

"Oh, I suppose so, a few—but they will be saved 'so as by fire.' God, I suppose, will save some through ignorance. But we are the only people that can trace an unbroken line of succession through the centuries, back to the apostles and Christ."

"The same claim is made by the Episcopalians and Catholics for their churches," returned the physician.

"Yes, but they can not prove their claims," Rev. Alvin answered.

"So they say about yours," Dr. Harlow insisted. "The fact is, my dear sir, you nor the Catholics nor the Episcopalians, can establish your theory of church succession. You seem to—pardon the assertion—care more for 'Churchanity' than Christianity. Church succession as claimed by yourselves, though not all of your communion by any means, is a myth. The Scriptures and history are against you."

"Why, did not Christ say of his church that 'the gates of hell (hades) shall not prevail against it?'"

"Certainly, but what was he talking about?" asked Melvin.

"He was talking about the establishment of his kingdom, the church," answered the minister.

"Very true. He was talking about the establishment of his church, and said that nothing would prevent the accomplishment of that result, and nothing did prevail against the establishment of his kingdom. Death and hades tried to prevail against him, but without success."

"You make the founding of the church the antecedent of the pronoun 'it,' whereas the antecedent of the pronoun is 'church,' as all commentators agree."

"I admit that most commentators make church the antecedent of the pronoun, but you admitted at the outset of the discussion of this point, that the Savior was talking about the establishment of his church, the establishment or founding would naturally be the antecedent. I take it this way: Jesus says, 'I am going to build my church.' Satan says, 'You shall not build, for I will call death and hades to my assistance to prevail against your work.' 'Call them,' Jesus replied, 'for they can not prevent my founding my kingdom.' So Satan again was foiled by the Son of God who rose triumphant, and did establish his church."

"Oh, the church was established before he arose from the dead."

"The Savior didn't seem to know anything about it, for he made explicit arrangements as to what his disciples should do when the time came for the founding of his kingdom."

"Well, the kingdom of Christ, as taught and exemplified by John the Baptist, and repre-

sented now by the Baptist Church, was established in the days of John, and we can trace an unbroken line back to him."

"I heard you make such an assertion a while ago, Reverend, but you must have forgotten your proof, or supposed that your mere word was sufficient."

"Why, Doctor, the whole bearing of history proves our succession."

"Your assertions, my brother, I fear, are only 'bluffs' to cover up the nakedness of your argument. The facts are that you can only go back about three centuries, and even then those churches were not known as Baptist churches. I know you claim succession through the 'Paterines, the Waldenses (men of the valley), the Cathiri and the Poor-men-of Lyons, the Paulicians, the Donatists, the Novatians, and thus back to the apostles. But, sir, you must remember it is easy to make a claim, but often difficult to establish it. Those people whom I have mentioned were as unlike the Baptists of to-day, as the Methodists are unlike the Baptists to-day. In order to prove that you are the true church, you must show that you are the true descendants of the Anabaptists of the 15th

and 16th centuries, which I am sure you cannot do. They taught many things that you do not teach and could not accept at all. Because they rejected infant church membership, are you at liberty to say, 'as we do, too, *therefore* we are the true church?' If that were the only mark of the true church, I think several might claim that distinction. But the Anabaptists taught many things beside adult membership. Who were they? Johnson's Encyclopedia, art. 'Anabaptists' says: '[from the Greek prep.'ana,' again, and 'baptizo,' to baptize], a name applied in the sixteenth century to various bodies of German and Swiss Christians, who, while differing widely in personal, in social and political opinions and religious faith, agreed in discarding infant baptism, and in re-baptizing those who personally accepted of Christianity.'

"Thus we see, those Anabaptists *widely* differed in 'religious faith,' and only agreed in infant church membership and baptism, *i. e.*, they rejected the former and accepted the latter, by immersion only. But even in the latter, there was not perfect unanimity, for the German Anabaptists, the author says a little further along in this same article, 'generally practiced

pouring or affusion.' We are all familiar with the 'Mad men of Munster,' who created such a religious furore in the first half of the sixteenth century. *They* were Anabaptists, and yet it would be very unfair to you people to charge you with being direct descendants of that turbulent sect."

"Oh, all know that we disclaim all connection with that fanatical and riotous sect," replied the minister, "and also with the Anabaptists in general."

"Well, Mr. Alvin, you must admit that your 'succession' did or did not come through the Anabaptists. If it *did*, you must accept their 'widely differing religious faiths,' of which the historian speaks, as being all right, or show how you people came through that confused rabble unscathed. If you *did not* come through that sect, then immersion and rejection of infant church membership must fall, *i. e.*, as having been taught all down the ages. Take either 'horn of the dilemma' you choose."

"If we can't show church succession, no people on earth can," persisted the reverend gentleman.

"I agree with you in that. The Catholics

can come more nearly proving than any other religion, for they can go back to the beginning of the fourth century, while, as I have already shown, you can only, by hard straining, go back to the fifteenth century. The truth of the matter is, as before stated, there is no foundation for this 'succession' theory. A succession of truth is worth a whole army of fallible men succeeding one another in regular order, even if such succession could be established, which I think I have proven conclusively cannot be done. Even your own people are not agreed on the subject. Your ablest men are agreed that succession cannot be proven. Prof. McMasters, of Toronto University, admits that church succession cannot be established, so of Rev. Vedder, D. D., of New York City, and many others whom I might mention. The church changes more or less, because composed of imperfect men and women, but the truth is incorruptible, the same yesterday, to-day and forever—immutable and insurmountable. It may for a time be hidden, but it cannot be destroyed.

'Truth crushed to earth will rise again;
The eternal years of God are hers;

But Error, wounded, writhes in pain,
And dies amid her worshipers.'"

"Well, I do not care to protract this useless controversy longer," rather tartly remarked the minister. Continuing, "I see you have gotten 'Campbellite' ideas, and it is well nigh impossible to dislodge them, when once they take possession."

Here Mr. Tazewell, for the first time during the discussion, spoke up: "I am sure, my friends, I have been very much interested in this discussion, although we 'outsiders' are not supposed to care much about these things. Especially am I interested in the thought just presented by Dr. Harlow, in regard to the 'succession of the truth.' I do not think I exactly understand him, and I should like a fuller explanation."

"For your benefit, friend Tazewell, I will come around to your office some day during my sojourn in the city, and explain what I mean by the 'succession of the truth.'"

"Yes, but the rest of us would like to hear also," added Mrs. Tazewell.

"Melvin, the better way will be to come and take tea with us again, say on next Tuesday

evening. How would that suit you?" asked the host.

"I do not care to impose on your generosity, Edward. I can come after six o'clock tea."

"It will not be no imposition, Doctor, I assure you," exclaimed Mrs. Tazewell. "We should be very glad to have you come. Although living in the great metropolis, we are not great sticklers for social etiquette, that does not affect true manhood or womanhood, and our teas are rather informal affairs."

The physician, accepting the invitation, and thanking his friends for the same, took his leave.

CHAPTER XIII.

The Lord sets the promises of the Gospel in the galleries of His ordinances.—*Secker.*

> The world goes up and the world goes down,
> And the sunshine follows the rain;
> And yesterday's sneer and yesterday's frown
> Can ne'er come over again.
>
> —*C. Kingsley.*

THE evening appointed for the second "tea" at Mr. Tazewell's drew on, and Dr. Harlow and the other guests, to the number of ten or twelve, according to invitation, were there early, and some of them, the physician among the number, had a game or two of lawn tennis before tea.

The guests present were mostly those who were present the week before, but in addition there were two or three new ones, among the latter being a Miss Gertrude Ober, an M. D., who had graduated from her class with the highest honors, seven years before she is introduced to the reader. She had a fair practice, but not what she believed her abilities deserved, owing to slowness of the masses of people to recognize a woman's worth as a healer of hu-

man ills. A man may practice medicine when half or two-thirds drunk, and be perfectly (?) competent to diagnose disease, and apply the remedy; but let a woman be ever so well qualified in mind, and infinitely better qualified in heart, and she is cast aside for the drunken male practitioner. Inconsistency, thy name is "the masses."

Because of the inconsistency of many Christian people in giving the lecherous, drunken, depraved physician practice that she could have much better performed, as she honestly believed, she harbored a prejudice against the Christian religion, that grew into skepticism, well nigh bordering on open infidelity. She was thirty-five years of age, but so temperate in her habits and dress was she, that she did not appear to be more than thirty years old.

While she was not a handsome woman, she was by no means homely. She did not have that masculine mien about her that is supposed by many to be a characteristic of women in the medical profession. She was very lady-like in all her deportment. Was a highly cultured lady, and an especial friend of the hostess. Although they did not agree on religious matters,

on almost all things else there was perfect unanimity of thought. Miss Ober had been informed of the nature of the party, that it was not for gossip, or foolish jesting, but for improving conversation, especially along a religious line. She remarked, when she read the note of invitation, that she did not care for the religious conversation, but was desirous of meeting Dr. Harlow, of whom she had heard so much through the medical fraternity, and so she accepted the invitation to the party at Mr. Tazewell's.

After an early tea, the guests, together with the host and hostess, repaired to the lawn again, it being more pleasant than indoors. After a few desultory remarks had been passed, Mr. Tazewell began: "We have met to hear Dr. Harlow's theory of succession to which some of us heard him allude at the close of the discussion last week. Now I want to hear him further on this subject, as I do not think I understand what he means by a 'succession of the truth.' I know he is well read and can doubtless inform us on many points. If he were not present, I would say he was at the head of his classes at school, especially in history. While

I and a number of our classmates were planning some 'hazing' scheme, or how we might outwit some of our professors, the Doctor here was digging away at Greek and Latin roots, or buried in history up to his eyes and ears."

Mrs. Tazewell, in a rather low tone, remarked: "I fear Mr. Tazewell hasn't gotten over his desire to torment people yet," when Mr. Tazewell, turning, with a comical smile, remarked: "No family secrets divulged, please."

The physician remarked: "I did not come here, Edward, to have my pedigree given to this company. I came to tell some things I have learned in the course of my reading and travels, and also to get information myself. Mrs. Tazewell, I am sorry Mr. Alvin, your brother, could not be with us again."

"Yes, I am sorry, too, but it seems a brother minister invited him out to some special meeting of theirs, and he said he felt under obligations to go. So just proceed."

"I am not sure," remarked Dr. Harlow, "that I understand just what is expected of me in this meeting. Edward, what was the particular point you wanted information upon?"

"It is to explain what you meant the other

evening by a 'succession of the truth.' I desire you to explain this question and allow us to ask questions."

"That I can't answer," quickly responded the Doctor.

"It is because I think you can answer that we have this interview. By 'succession of the truth,' do you mean that God all adown the ages has been revealing new truths to the world, and that these have succeeded each other in regular order?"

"Oh, no; I do not think that God has given any new revelation for more than eighteen hundred years. Truth is unchangeable, succeeds itself from one generation to another, but is ever the same. The same truths that saved individuals in the first century, if properly applied, will save individuals in the nineteenth century—aye, in the twentieth, in all the succeeding centuries of the present dispensation. Jesus prayed that his apostles might be sanctified by the truth, and added, 'Thy word is truth.' I claim, therefore, we do not need a succession of *fallible men*, but a succession of *infallible truth*.

"Truth has been taught all adown the cen-

turies, but there has been such an admixture of error that at times it has been hard to distinguish one from the other. The 'mystery of iniquity' began to work even in Paul's day, and that iniquity was falsehood—insubordination to the truth—God's Word. This kept growing stronger and stronger, until, in the fourth century, a council was called by Constantine the Great to decide an untaught question—the *exact* relationship between the Father and the Son in the Godhead, one party claiming the latter as the 'Very and Eternal God,' and the other—admitting his divinity—denying that the two were one in person. The former party was largely in the majority and banished Arius and his followers. Here falsehood gained a signal victory for the time being, but it was not to be a complete overthrow of truth. Truth went into humbler hearts and homes and took up her abode."

Miss Ober here interrupted the other physician by saying: "Pardon me, Doctor, but do you really think that those old questions, that were discussed hundreds of years ago, have anything to with the people of this age?"

"I certainly think some of those old questions

have much to do. 'What think ye of (the) Christ?' is just as important to-day as it ever was."

"Pardon me for dissenting from your views, but I do not think *that* an important truth, if truth at all. One may think as he pleases about Jesus Christ and it not affect his standing here or hereafter," replied the lady interlocutor.

To this Dr. Harlow answered: "If truth at all, it must be an important truth. It is unlike all other truths."

"How do you make that appear?" inquired Miss Ober.

"Because it embraces all saving truth. One may or may not believe that the moon is inhabited, and his condition be unaffected by it, there being no rewards or punishments suspended on its acceptance or rejection; but the fact that Jesus Christ is the Son of God embraces, as I have already said, *all* saving truth, because from it all future rewards and punishments are suspended."

"Even if truth, Dr. Harlow, why should rewards and punishments be connected with the mere belief?"

"Because *belief* is the basis, or foundation of

life—of conduct. A man who has no confidence in his business, is not likely to succeed, because his life will be like his lack of faith. Miss Ober, did you ever accomplish much in any undertaking in which you had no confidence?"

"No, I confess I never did; but what has that to do with faith in Christ or in his religion?"

"It has this to do. Man must *look* higher than himself if he ever gets higher. Man will get no higher than he looks. If he looks only on the earth, he will remain in life, *i. e.*, in conduct, on the earth. Jesus' mission was to lift up, hence he says: 'If I be lifted up, I will draw all men unto me.' Prof. Drummond very beautifully illustrates this lifting up in his 'Natural Law in the Spiritual World.' He divides the Natural world into three divisions, viz: Mineral, vegetable and animal. The mineral world cannot lift itself into the vegetable world; the vegetable cannot lift itself into the animal kingdom; but the plant life can reach down its roots and transplant the mineral into the vegetable, the animal can partake of the plant, and thus transplant it from the vegetable into the animal kingdom. To carry this

analogy into the spiritual realm, the animal has no power of lifting itself into a higher dominion unless aided by a higher power. But Christ, as the world's magnet, reaches down to the animal (man) and transforms him into a spiritual being. But man must *want* to be lifted up. If he does want to be lifted up he must believe that Jesus is both able and willing to uplift him, and he cannot do this without he believes that Jesus Christ is what he claims to be, 'the Son of God.' "

"Well, Doctor, you have a very beautiful theory, I must confess, but is it true?" inquired Miss Ober.

"In proof of the fact that it is true, let me ask you to compare the countries where many of the inhabitants believe this, with the countries where few or none believe it. What would be the result of such comparison?"

"Oh, if you put it in that way, we are forced to admit that Christian countries have the decided advantage over the unchristian, but is it the Christ idea that makes the difference?"

"Can you think of any other fundamental principle that makes the difference?"

"No, I must confess, I cannot."

"No. The fact is, Miss Ober, the Christ-truth is the truth of centuries. If we believe in Christ with all the heart, we are looking up and we are being lifted up in our lives by Christ reaching down to save."

"That does look reasonable, I must confess. I had never looked at it from that standpoint. But you admitted at the outset of our conversation that this truth had become mixed with error. How may we know whether we have the truth or not? May we not have lost this?"

"No, indeed. God took care that his word should be properly guarded through all the ages of darkness. The manuscripts of the Bible were written in Greek characters, *i. e.*, the New Testament was written in Greek and the Old Testament in Hebrew. These languages are essentially the same to-day they were when the parchments were written. When we find a Hebrew scholar he can go back to original documents, *i. e.*, copies from the original manuscript and translate into any living language with which he is familiar. The same is true of the New Testament from the Greek language, but the trouble has been, men have been discussing theories instead of what is written."

"But, Doctor, how do we know the manuscripts to which you refer are genuine?"

"Possibly we do not know. Indeed, I am sure we do not *know*, but we have better evidence concerning their credibility than any other events of that date. The principal books of the New Testament—the four Gospels, The Acts, Paul's Epistles—thirteen in number—the First Epistle of Peter, and the First Epistle of John, which Eusebius calls the 'homologoumena,' were in general use in the church as early as the second century and acknowledged to be authentic and inspired of God, therefore canonical. This is established by the testimony of Irenæus, Tertullian, Clement of Alexandria, Origen and others. We may therefore call these books the original canon. It was, perhaps, not until near the close of the fourth century that the New Testament appeared as a whole, but the books as they now appear were accepted as canonical. Does it not seem strange that the church by common consent should accept just a certain number of books without any General Council to pass upon them?

"It does seem that there would have been a

difference of opinion as to just how many should be accepted, until it should have been decided by a council of some kind," assented the lady physician.

"The fact is, Miss Ober, the credibility of the books of the New Testament is better attested than the life and times of Alexander the Great, or even Julius Cæsar. It would be more necessary to have an ecumenical council to sit in judgment on what should go into the life of Alexander, if it were important, than what should go into the New Testament. Things of this kind don't come by *happen* so. When we see design, we know there must have been a designer, for design can only emanate from a designer. Therefore as we see design in the Bible, different from all other books, we rationally conclude that it had a designer—Jehovah, the great First Cause of all life and motion."

"That is true! That is true!" meditatively assented Miss Ober, as she lightly tapped the toe of her shoe with the point of her parasol.

Here Mr. Tazewell spoke up again:

"While I am interested in this turn in the controversy, have we not wandered away from the original question? You know we lawyers

are great sticklers for the main point at issue, especially when it suits our purpose."

"The last is well put, Tazewell," remarked Dr. Harlow. "I suppose some times you want to get as far away from the main question as possible. But really, I do not see that we have gotten very far away from the question, which was the succession of truth. We had to first *establish* the truth before we could prove its succession. Having done this, I believe we will proceed. In the year A. D. 325, a general council was called by Constantine, at Nicea, not to decide upon the books of the Bible, but upon an untaught question. So long as truth was allowed to have her sway, righteousness triumphed. But by-and-by she was relegated to the rear, and she put on robes of mourning for an apostate church and went into almost absolute silence for the space of 1,260 years, or for a 'time, times and half time,' and then she was invited to come forth from her retirement by Jerome of Prague, William Tyndale, et al. At first she came forth timidly, until at the beginning of the sixteenth century, Martin Luther, the grand old German reformer, gave her, if possible, a warmer invitation, and she

came forth into fair twilight, but it was reserved for later reformers to place her on the pinnacle she occupies to-day. But, changing the figure: Truth was as seed hidden away in a dry place until brought forth from its hiding-place and sown into good soil and watered with tears, it brought forth of its own kind. The parable of the three measures of meal, found in the thirteenth chapter of Matthew, clearly teaches us this. A *woman hid* leaven in three measures of meal (Matthew 13: 33). An apostate church, represented as a woman, *hid* the leaven of truth in three measures of meal, the Hebrew, Greek and Latin languages. Her purpose was to keep it from the common people, and for a period of 1,260 years she was successful, but at last it burst its bars and leavened all the languages."

"I never heard that illustration before," said Mrs. Tazewell. "It is a beautiful thought, I must say, and it seems reasonable."

"It is reasonable," affirmed Dr. Harlow. "It is true. This shows that truth for the time being may be crowded aside, but it will be the same truth, or a succession of the same truth or thought, when its next appearance is made."

"How did this truth affect persons in the first century?" asked Miss Ober.

"Persons were begotten to new life by the Christ-truth in the first century, as they are now begotten, by having their hearts impregnated with the Christ idea, for the operation of the same truth will always have the same effect, it matters not how many intervening centuries may elapse."

"Is not all truth the same?" inquired Miss Ober.

"In a general sense, yes," answered Melvin.

"Then why qualify it with the term 'Christ-truth?' Why not just say truth, leaving it unqualified?"

"Because, in a *special* sense, there is a great difference in truth. All truth is good, but not for the same purpose. Geographical truth is good to enlighten one's mind on matters pertaining to the surface of the earth. Mathematical truth is good to instruct the intellect on things pertaining to the relation between numbers and quantities. Historical truth is profitable to acquaint the mind with the doings, and we might also say misdoings, of nations and countries in the past, but none of these

will beget new spiritual life, *because* they are not spiritual truths. Only of that truth of which Christ is the essence can new life be begotten. It has never changed. It is just the same now as when first proclaimed by the impetuous Peter on the first Pentecost after the resurrection of Christ."

"Do you mean to say," inquired Mrs. Tazewell, "that Peter was the first to preach this Christ-truth that saved then and saves now? Were none saved prior to that time?"

"Most assuredly there were many saved, but it was by looking forward to this same truth, as we now look backward to it. They by faith looked forward to a crimson cross, as we look back to it. But a perfected Savior, that is, one made perfect through suffering (Heb. 5: 7, 8), was never preached until fifty days after the resurrection of Christ, and Peter was the first to preach it."

"What do you mean by a 'perfected Savior?' Was Christ at any time imperfect?" asked Mrs. Tazewell.

"Christ was always perfect as an *individual*, but not as a *Savior* until he had 'tasted death for every man.' He died for our sins according

to the Scriptures, was buried, and rose again from the dead according to the Scriptures, and ascended on high as a perfected Savior, for he had completed a PERFECT PLAN OF SALVATION. He sent the Holy Spirit to carry out this perfect plan. We must therefore accept the facts of this Gospel he has established."

"How can we obey the facts of the Gospel, Doctor?" Miss Ober interrogated.

"We perhaps can not obey the *facts*, but we can obey their form. This is what Paul means when he tells the Roman brethren that they had 'obeyed from the heart that form of doctrine delivered them,' or 'into which they were delivered,' (marginal reading). The facts of the Gospel, as intimated a moment ago, were the death, burial and resurrection of Christ. The first fact is, Christ died for our sins; the form of that fact is we die *to* our sins. The second fact is, Christ was buried; the form of that fact is, we are 'buried in baptism.' The third fact is, Christ was raised from the tomb; the form of that fact is that we are raised from our burial in baptism to walk in newness of life. The fourth fact is, Christ ascended upward; the form of that fact is, we are to ascend upward in our

daily life and conduct. These are the Christ-truths to which I referred a moment ago. If these Christ-truths are instilled into the mind and the heart by the faithful proclamation of the Gospel of Christ, the 'faith that worketh by love' will be begotten in the heart and the individual; he becomes a new creature in Christ, and has fruits unto holiness and the end everlasting life."

"I must confess I can see some sense in your exposition of the Scriptures, Doctor, and I assure you of one thing, at least, that I shall study the Bible for myself and investigate further," remarked Miss Ober.

Miss Bowen, who had been quietly listening, at this point in the conversation laughingly remarked:

"Doctor, if you were to advocate the doctrine you have this evening in some places, you would be called a 'Campbellite.'"

"I am well aware of that, Miss Bowen, but inasmuch as Peter, the apostle of Jesus Christ, has in these last days been called that, I think I am in good company. I know what the so-called 'Campbellites' teach, and I also know that in the main they are right. I did not once

think so, but an honest investigation has *compelled* me to come to this conclusion."

The rest of the conversation of the evening being of a general nature, and not strictly of a religious character, we do not record it.

Dr. Harlow was very favorably impressed with Miss Ober, and frequently visited her at her office, and several times went with her to visit patients, and quite a friendship sprang up between them; but it was only friendship. Dame rumor said that Miss Ober was engaged to be married to a very promising young lawyer, but he had died some two years before she is brought before the reader, and we know Dr. Harlow's love was buried on the other side of the sea when he heard of the marriage of Mary Ardmore. So between the two doctors there was only a warm professional friendship. Dr. Harlow, getting acquainted with so many persons in the city, both resident and visiting, extended his visit much longer than he had originally intended. One day he called at the daintily and tastefully arranged office of the lady physician, and in the course of the conversation, the latter remarked: "Doctor, professionally I am going to ask your advice. I do not

mean that I am going to ask your advice about professional matters, but as we are in the same profession, I am going to ask your advice about personal matters, and yet it seems I am taking considerable liberty in doing so."

"Do not intimate that it is any intrusion, Miss Ober, for I assure you I shall not so consider it. My advice may be of no avail, but I will willingly give any counsel I can that may in any way be helpful to you."

"It is this: I am having a fair practice here, as you can doubtless see, but not what I believe I ought to have. I have for a long time felt that I should like to follow Mr. Greeley's advice, 'Go west and grow up with the country.' I have an aged mother and a crippled sister to care for, and if I could get in a small place of six or eight thousand inhabitants, I do not believe I would be the mere cipher that I am in this great city, and I think I could build up a quiet home for mother, sister and myself. Now I thought perhaps you might know of some such city in some of the central or western States, and have therefore troubled you with this question, and ask your advice as to its advisability."

"I will give my advice at once by saying that I think your idea a very excellent one, and I believe I can help you, but must have time to study a while, and possibly write some parties."

"I do not wish you to go to any trouble to write to any one, Doctor."

"Do not call it any trouble, Miss Ober; I shall only be very glad to serve you."

After some further conversation on a critical case of typhoid fever, under the lady physician's care, Dr. Harlow went to his hotel.

CHAPTER XIV.

"Only a little while of walking with weary feet;
Patiently over the thorny way that leads to the golden street.
Suffer if God shall will, and work for him while we may;
From Calvary's cross to Zion's crown is only a little way."

—*Anonymous.*

LET us now return to the heroine of our story. While Dr. Harlow, as shown in last chapter, is visiting, studying human nature, teaching the principles of medicine, and also the "principles of the doctrine of Christ," forming new acquaintances and constantly thinking of the sad blunder of five years before in not being guided by reason, instead of unreasoning prejudice, the subject of his day thoughts, and often of his night dreams, Mary Ardmore, is still at work in the city of J—, visiting the sick and doing many good works. As governess she has little to do. Mr. Esterly's children look upon Mary more as an older sister than as a governess. They go to her still for counsel, quite as much, if not more, than to

their mother, for she (Mary) has been so long their counselor it is hard for them to become accustomed to another, even if that "another" is their own mother. They are devotedly attached to their mother, but it seems natural to go to "Sister Mary," as they now call her.

Mrs. Esterly seems to have drunk of the fabled fount for which Ponce de Leon sought, and renewed her youth. After she gave up the follies of fashionable society, she had very much better health and really seemed ten years younger.

She did a great deal of church work, but it was quietly with her purse rather than with her lips, for she had never been trained to public work. She told Mary to do all the work she could, and to remember her prayers and money were back of her.

Thus Miss Ardmore, having time, talent, and money at her disposal, *could* do a great deal. People had a right to expect much, and they were not disappointed. Many poor, hardworking housewives could do as much as she did, had they the same opportunities. The Savior praised the widow who gave her *mite*, while others, who gave many times her amount, did not re-

ceive any recognition, because they did not give their *might*.

For the consolation and comfort of the care-worn and toil-weary workers, let me say, Christ will recognize you if the world does not. It is as great a work to care for your home and train up children in the knowledge of the Lord, as to do some wonderful deed on life's great battle-field.

Miss Ardmore had great opportunities for usefulness and she embraced them, that is all; but that is very much. How few wealthy women are earnest church workers! And wealthy men as church workers are fewer still. While Mary was not wealthy, she represented wealth, for both Mr. and Mrs. Esterly with open purses stood behind her and told her to go on. She was peculiarly fitted also for the work of the Lord because of the trials through which she had passed, and, be it said to her honor, she was not unfaithful to the trust the Lord reposed in her. But had she ceased to think of Melvin Harlow? As well might she have tried to forget her own being, and five years of silent suffering had only stamped his image more deeply in her heart. Was she always resigned and pa-

tient? No; she was only human. Sometimes she would grow gloomy and morose, and severely blame herself for "being such a fool as to not marry Dr. Harlow,—ruin both lives and accomplish no good," little realizing the great good her "foolishness" was accomplishing. After one of these seasons of unusual despondency she would go to her room, lock herself in, and pray to God until strength would come to her. She would be led to exclaim, "Father, I believe thou hast led me through all these dark trials, and I believe thou wilt continue to lead. Oh, Father, forgive my doubtings, for the way has often seemed so dark."

Through overwork, in August of 1890 she had an attack of typhoid fever. She had thrown her whole soul into the work of the church in such a way that when the fever attacked her she was completely prostrated. The best medical aid of the city was called, and even then her life for a long time was despaired of, and Mr. Esterly's children were almost frantic with grief at the possible loss of their more than sister. Maggie Manning, who was now a trusted and honored employe, was also very much wrought up at the bare thought of losing the

"first friend I ever found." Indeed, all who knew her, and they were not few, were very much cast down by the thought of having to give up gentle, loving friend and sister, Mary Ardmore. The physicians said there was one chance out of ten for her to recover, but they hardly thought the one chance would be hers. Her room was in the second story of the building, in the northeast corner, and was large, airy and light. Trained nurses, the very best that could be had, were constantly in attendance, and all others, except the family and physicians, were strictly excluded from the room. The nurses took regular turns in caring for her. Miss Ardmore became delirious, and remained so at times for several days. She frequently talked about, or to, "Doctor" some one. Her attendants at first thought she meant Dr. Lamo, the chief physician attending her, but after awhile she spoke of "Dr. Harlow," and they knew no such physician lived in J.

One day, when her delirium was worse than usual, she exclaimed, "Oh, Doctor, come back, and I will go *anywhere* with you. I'll unite with any church you desire. I'll go to the ends of the earth with you." Becoming calm,

she lay in a kind of stupor for several moments, and then began tossing restlessly and talking: "No, Doctor, no; I can't leave the church of my childhood, unless you will show wherein I am wrong. If you do that, I will join the Methodist Church. No, I will remain true to my convictions, though it cost me my life."

Poor woman! She was not in a condition to understand how nearly her convictions had already come to costing her even life itself.

"Poor woman" did I say? No; rich she was with that priceless gem of heaven-born nobility that is of more value than Golconda's richest mines. She was only poor in body—she was rich in spiritual knowledge, though for the time being she could not use it. Those delirious ravings seemed so real that they were commented upon by the few who heard them. Mrs. Esterly did not know what they meant. Mary had told her that she had been very sorely tried in losing her parents and property, and "some trouble I had over the estrangement between a friend and myself on the subject of religion," she evasively replied when pressed further on

the subject of her sorrows. But she could not be induced to reveal more.

When Mrs. E., therefore, heard those delirious ejaculations, the truth began to dawn in her mind, and she could see why there was an estrangement, in matters of religion, and her heart burned within her with new love for the girl that would give up the dearest earthly object in order to be true to her convictions, and she mentally soliloquized: "Where would I have been to-day had she not remained true? All I am to-day, or hope to be to-morrow, is due to this dear woman. Had it not been for her, I might now be the wife of a libertine, or perhaps by him cast off, I might be sleeping my last long sleep in an unknown and dishonored grave. Oh, Heavenly Father," exclaimed the woman, lifting her tear-bathed face toward heaven, "I thank thee that thou didst send Mary Ardmore to my home."

The sick woman hung seemingly between life and death for a long time, with the chances more favorable for the latter than the former, but at last the pendulum swung lifeward, and the patient began to mend slowly. But it was six weeks from the time she took her bed until

she could be carried into another room for a change. Her convalescence was very slow.

One day, after she got able to sit up a little while at a time, Mrs. Esterly told Mary about her ravings, and about talking to an imaginary physican, whom she called "Dr. Harlow." The convalescent seemed considerably worried about it, and inquired who had heard her. Mrs. Esterly told her, and then remarked, "Mary, I have known for a long time that you carried a secret sorrow that has been a terrible burden to you. I am sure that the religious estrangement to which you one day referred is connected with a Dr. Harlow, and I know that man to-day is a part of your very life; that he is dearer to you than any other earthly object. Is it not so?"

Mary admitted it was so, and then related in brief the whole trouble. When she had finished the faces of both women were bathed in tears, and Mrs. Esterly exclaimed: "Oh, Mary, how I do sympathize with you in your sore affliction, and yet when it dawned upon me, when I heard your ravings, what you had done, I was selfish enough to ask, 'What would have become of me had the Doctor won?' This, I admit, was selfish, but I did not think of myself alone. I

also thought of Maggie, of young Brother McFlynn, and of many others, who owe their salvation, humanly speaking, directly to you. Had it not been for you there would have been no Mission Church. By the way, the foundation of the new chapel has been laid, and they hope to get the basement ready for occupancy by Christmas. Melton says the hall is so crowded they can hardly turn around. They all ask about you. Many bouquets were sent you while you were delirious, but, of course, you could know nothing about it. The Mission Chapel is to be a beauty. It will cost, when complete, about $15,000. Mary, this and much more is due to your efforts here. It was thought by Christian people of this city that 'Jezebel Row' could not be civilized, much less Christianized, before you and Melton began your work there. Now life is as safe there as in any part of the city. Mr. Belton, a real estate man, told Mr. Esterly a few days ago that property in that section of the city had advanced fifty per cent since the establishment of the Sunday-school. This is the more remarkable when it is understood that Mr. B. is an avowed infidel.

"St. George's Church, there by our chapel,

has become so deserted of late by Catholics moving out, it is rumored that they intend to sell their building, and consolidate their congregation with the German Catholic Church on Sherman avenue, and the priest O'Rane is to be transferred to St. Louis. This is what Brother Shannon says the report is in that part of the city. As he was once a member of that church, he has a pretty good opportunity for finding out. He says the priest fairly hates you for the work you have done in that part of the city. I think you ought to be loved for some enemies you have made. We should not, of course, boast of having enemies, but we should boast that we have courage to take the side that causes us to be persecuted by evil-minded persons. Thus you see, Mary, your work has been bountifully blessed of the Lord in even visible results; and as to after results, only eternity can tell. You have accomplished a wonderful work, but at an awful price in heart-ache and anguish of soul."

"Do you think, Mrs. Esterly, that I have been used of God even indirectly in accomplishing these things?" and Miss Ardmore's face

lighted up with animation as she asked the question.

"I know you have, Mary, almost directly, and much more besides. Young Brother McFlynn, that used to be the terror of the 'Row,' is now one of our best church workers, as you know, even before you took sick. Week before last he was promoted as assistant foreman in the plow works. Brother Payle says he never saw a mechanic climb the ladder of promotion so fast as he. He said he never saw any one so quick to learn as he is, and so careful to look after every detail of the work! Besides, he has organized a reading club for the benefit of the employees of the factory, that meets twice a week. This is a new work that has just been started, and is somewhat experimental, but already it gives promise of great success."

"Well, I am glad I made the sacrifice," said the invalid, as her pale face o'erspread with a glow of contentment. "I believed I was doing right in parting from Dr. Harlow rather than unite with a church in which I would have to stifle my convictions in order to remain a consistent communicant, but now I know I did right. Had I connected myself with the Meth-

odist Church I never could have worked in it. I would have been a mere cipher, that is all. Being a physician's wife I might have been a little more important cipher than some others, but I would have been only a nought in real church work and active spiritual life. The Doctor *might* have counted for one, but not for a very large one if I could not have helped him. If we had belonged to different churches we would have, perhaps, both been ciphers. I have known of a few cases where the wife and husband belonged to different churches, and both were good church workers, but they were the exception and not the rule."

"I never thought of it until since you have mentioned it, but I do know that *generally* where husband and wife belong to different religious faiths, they neither amount to much in church work. But you have talked enough for this time; you are getting wearied and must rest."

Thanking her, Mary ceased talking and soon fell into pleasant slumber, from which she awoke much refreshed. She continued to mend, but so slowly that it was November before she could go anywhere about the room without as-

sistance, and it was Thanksgiving before she was able to get to church. A union service was held at the Church of Christ, it being the largest in the city, and Rev. Merhall, the Methodist minister, preached the sermon. In mentioning local mercies for which they should be thankful, one was, that "our young Sister Ardmore is able to be with us to-day. While she belongs to your congregation, Brother Bailey," addressing the Christian minister, "yet I feel that she belongs to us all; and I am sure the Christian portion of this large audience will agree with me in the statement that she has done more than any other person in rescuing the fallen, and we are profoundly grateful that she has been spared to us, and pray that she may be spared to a good old age."

There were a number of hearty "Amens" at the close of this sentence.

It was as Rev. Mr. Merhall had said, Mary Ardmore belonged to the Christian people as their friend and helper. While, as we have already seen, she was firm in what she believed to be right, she was ever ready to accord to others the same honesty she claimed for herself. She would converse with people of other

religious views, and yet it was never in the spirit of strife or wrangling. She tried to minify—though not ignore—the points of difference, and magnify—though not unduly enlarge—the points of agreement, and it is no wonder Christians in general loved her. Of course there were some so wedded to their theories that they did not like her because she did not look through their religious glasses. She had some bitter enemies who would have been glad to have heard of her decease, but the number was comparatively small.

She continued to mend so slowly that Mrs. Esterly persuaded her to go with her to Hot Springs, Ark. So about the middle of January, 1891, Mrs. Esterly, Mary and Leta went to the famous Springs. They did not mingle much with the company of the hotel, as they did not care to engage in their festivities.

They got acquainted with a few, however, as they did not wish to be entirely isolated from others. Among those with whom they first got acquainted was a lady apparently twenty-seven or eight years of age, dressed in mourning, accompanied by a younger lady, apparently eighteen years of age—a cripple. As their

rooms were near each other's at the Eastman Hotel, at which they were stopping, they got acquainted by passing each other so often they began to nod and then to speak. At last the older of the ladies and Mary got into a conversation. Miss Ardmore was very much impressed with the lady's apparent refinement, culture and intelligence. At last she asked her where she was from.

To which she responded: "I am from New York City, but am now on my way to Bayville." Here the yelp of a dog in the hall not far away drowned the voice of the speaker, and Mary did not get the name of the State, but as she was not acquainted with the place she did not take the trouble to ask the State. The other continued: "I am one of those 'masculine women' that you hear people talk about—a Doctor of Medicine. I recently buried my aged mother, and it is for her I wear these weeds. The young lady you have seen with me so often is my sister, and the only near relative I have in the world. She has been a cripple for four years, and I have been wanting to bring her here to try the curative properties of these waters for a long time, as I was sure they would

help her. I had analyzed some of this water, and I was confident it possessed the right properties to effect a cure. I could not come hitherto on our mother's account. She could not have stood the trip. After her death I decided at once to come. Experience has proven that my hopes concerning my sister were well grounded. We have not been here quite a month, and already she has thrown aside one crutch, and I believe in another month she can throw the other aside."

The conversation drifted on in an aimless way until they exchanged cards.

On the one handed Mary were the words:

"Miss Gertrude Ober,
"Practicing Physician,
"3114 W. 129th Street. City."

Miss Ober, whom the reader doubtless recognizes, explained that the card was an old one which she had used in her residence in the great metropolis.

She then looked at the one handed her, and reflectively remarked: "Ardmore! Ardmore! If seems I have heard of the name before, but perhaps not."

"No, it is not a very common name," replied Mary. "I have one brother and one sister, the only relatives I have that I know anything about. My brother is the only one of my name, my sister being married."

After a little further conversation, Mary asked: "Miss Ober, are you a Christian?"

"No, Miss Ardmore, I am not, I am sorry to say. But I ought to be. Are you a Christian?"

"Yes, I am a Christian," replied Mary, in a calm, decided tone, calculated to impress one with the truthfulness of her statement.

"To what church do you belong?" inquired Miss Ober.

"To the Church of Christ."

"I am glad to hear you say so, for that is the church I intend to take membership in, when I unite with any religious organization, and I do not think that will be a great while, if the Lord spares my life."

"He may not spare your life long, though. Better not wait too long, Miss Ober, as you have no lease on your life," earnestly spoke Mary.

"That is very true, and I appreciate your

kindly counsel, but I am investigating. I have always been of a skeptical turn of mind, even strongly bordering on to open infidelity, until I heard a brother physician, at a social 'tea' in New York last summer, explain the Scriptures so clearly that much of my skepticism was removed. He was an earnest Christian. He had formerly been a Methodist, but I learned from a mutual friend in the city that he had been on a long tour to Europe to satisfy himself on his early religious training, but instead, he was changed. He was one of the best informed men on religious subjects I ever conversed with. He presented the Bible in an entirely new light to me, and I could see some sense to it. I never knew, or cared to know, about how to understand the Bible until I heard Dr. Harlow give''—

Miss Ardmore had swooned away. Miss Ober quickly applied restoratives and she soon regained her consciousness.

Rallying she said: ''Pardon this weakness, but since I had a long spell of fever last summer, I have occasionally had fainting spells. You say this gentleman's name was Harlow? Dr. Harlow?''

"Yes, ma'am. Dr. Harlow of Brookfield"—

"Do you know where he is now?" eagerly interrupted Miss Ardmore.

"I do not. He remained in New York about two months, and then went to Chicago, where he has an uncle living who is a practicing physician. But he told me that he was going to the Pacific Coast to spend the winter, and if he liked, he might conclude to remain there indefinitely; and then he said he *might* return to Chicago next spring and settle down to practice with his uncle. From our mutual friend I learned that he had some trouble in a love affair before he left America, and that after he had been away five years, trying to get rid of his affection for the young lady, he received a paper from a town near his old home, stating that the young lady in question had married a very estimable young man, and thus ended 'Love's young dream' with him. Since then he has been roaming about, little caring—Miss Ardmore, what ails you? How pale you are? Oh, I think I now remember where I heard your name—it was from Dr. Harlow. I heard him mention the name in my presence once or twice. Are you acquainted with him?"

"Yes," sententiously replied Mary.

"Were you acquainted with the young lady to whom he was engaged—or, at least, with whom he kept company for a long time?"

"I certainly was."

"Did she play him false, or was he to blame?"

"Neither. It was simply religious differences they entertained that separated them. They were both perfectly honest and sincere."

"What was the young lady's name?"

"Ardmore."

"A relative of yours?"

"Yes, very nearly related to me."

"What relation was she, may I ask? Pardon me for my inquisitiveness, but I am very much interested in anything that concerns Dr. Harlow, as I esteem him very highly; only as a friend, however."

"Your inquisitiveness is perfectly excusable. The young lady in question was myself."

"*You?* Impossible! Have you been married and separated from your husband and taken your virgin name again?"

"No, indeed," replied Miss Ardmore.

"There must be a mistake somewhere, then,

for Dr. Harlow's would-be affianced was married to a young gentleman last Christmas a year, so I learned from our mutual friend. How do you explain that?"

"I do not pretend to explain it. I do not understand. There must be a mistake in some way, but I do not know where it is. I know I love Melvin Harlow as my own life, and will not, cannot love another as I do him. This newspaper report may have been written with a sinister purpose, and yet I do not like to think of such a thing. I think the newspaper man must have gotten the name wrong. There were a number of Almores in that section of the country, and it is possible that was the name of the young lady. I only wish I knew where to reach the Doctor with a letter. Did you not say a moment ago that he had changed his religious views?"

"Yes; he told me he had changed his views on the subject of religion very much in the last five years, but did not give me particulars. But from the friend whom I have before mentioned, I learned that he had been a Methodist, but in his travels, becoming convinced that he had never been baptized, he was im-

mersed in Athens, Greece. I understand he intends to unite with the Church of Christ when he settles down again to practice medicine. The last time I saw him he urged me to study the Bible and obey it. He spoke with such earnestness I was much impressed, and have not forgotten his counsel."

"Oh, Miss Ober, you cannot realize how happy this meeting has made me. I am so thankful Dr. Harlow has been led to see the truth as I believe it is revealed in the Word of God."

Mrs. Esterly and Leta coming into the ladies' parlor where Miss Ober and Mary had been conversing, Miss Ardmore related the substance of their conversation.

Mrs. Esterly was much delighted for Mary's sake, and also, as she believed, for truth's sake, to learn of the change of religious views in Dr. Harlow, but extremely sorry to learn of his mistaken idea concerning Mary's marriage.

Miss Ardmore exclaimed: "I would freely give one thousand dollars for a five minutes' conversation with Dr. Melvin Harlow! But why such a useless statement? I suppose it is that we are not to meet again on earth; thank

God we can meet again where mistakes can mar no more our perfect peace and happiness," and the teardrops glistened in the patient sufferer's eyes, as she lifted them upward and thought of the "Home-land Shore."

Mrs. Esterly, Mary and Leta remained at the Hot Springs until toward the latter part of March, and both Mary and Leta improved very rapidly in health. Mamie Ober, the cripple, could go anywhere without crutches. Mary learned to love her very much—she was such a sweet, quiet girl. She had been a cripple about four years, but had been very studious all that time, when not in too much pain, and under the tutelage of her physician-sister she learned so rapidly that at the early age of eighteen she was quite an excellent scholar for one so young. Both Gertrude and Mamie Ober were buried in baptism in the Christian Church at Hot Springs early in March, much to the delight of Mary and Mrs. Esterly. These were more fruits of Mary's sacrifice, although she did not think about it, as she was not looking up the lineage of her own good deeds. Quite an attachment was formed between the two families, as we shall see later on. For the present we must bid you good-night.

CHAPTER XV.

Hope's precious pearl in sorrow's cup
Unmelted at the bottom lay.
To shine again when, all drunk up,
The bitterness should pass away.

—*Thomas Moore.*

WHILE the years intervening between '91 and '95 were full of important events connected with the characters in our story, we must pass them by with a general summary.

We come to the spring of 1895. The city of J— has improved very much since last we saw it. Although there has been general financial depression, J— has felt it less than almost any other city of its size.

The plow works have almost doubled their capacity. Michael McFlynn stands at the head of the operative department. Although young in years, he has the head of a man of fifty, in a practical sense. Notwithstanding he occupies a very responsible position, yet he has much time to devote to church work. So often business men excuse themselves from church work on the plea of lack of time, little reckon-

ing that the Lord has business that is far more important than their own (Luke 2: 49), that must receive attention.

Mr. McFlynn would not allow himself to become so immersed in his own business as to neglect the Lord's. Through his instrumentality a home was established for orphan boys and a fine building erected—Mr. Esterly furnishing about one half the money. It was called "The Mary Ardmore Orphan Boys' Home," or for short, "Ardmore Home." Mr. McFlynn said it was through her efforts that he was led to a better life, and he wanted to build a home for other orphan boys and make it just as easy for them to do right as possible.

The "Mission Chapel" is no longer a mission, but is the "Second Church of Christ, corner 7th and Chestnut Streets, A. R. Westwell, Minister."

The building is a beautiful structure, and has drawn about it an excellent class of people. Nearly all the Catholics have moved away, or else been converted to Christ instead of to the Virgin Mary.

The Catholic Church building has been converted into a shoe factory. The nearest saloon

is seven blocks away, whereas before the Sunday-school was started, there were five within three blocks of the Catholic church.

Fine residences have sprung up to take the place of the miserable tenement houses that constituted "Jezebel Row." Mr. McFlynn is building a beautiful residence only three blocks from the church. Rumor says Edith Payle, a niece of lawyer Payle, has agreed to be mistress of his home for life, and for once I suspect Madam Rumor tells the truth.

Mr. Shannon, the lumber merchant, with whom the reader is already acquainted, is now one of the elders of the congregation in the Second Church, and one of the most highly esteemed men in that section of the city. He said he was raised a Catholic, but when he saw Fathers O'Rane, Watche, and others, go into saloons, drink beer and play cards, it was too much for him, especially after he saw the great change under the Protestant *regime*.

But what of our heroine? She is still at work; her health is good, but she exercises a little more caution than formerly in hot weather. She tries to ascertain the whereabouts of Dr. Harlow, but without avail. He seems to

have dropped completely out of existence. She suspects he is dead. The thought of his dying among strangers, with no loving hand placed on his fevered brow, fills her with inexpressible sadness.

The Esterlys and the Ober sisters often visit back and forth. Melton Esterly and Mamie Ober have formed such an attachment for each other that the time is set for their marriage, and they intend to, immediately after marriage, set sail for Liberia, as heralds of the Cross.

It is currently believed in Bayville that Mr. Justin Ledyard, a prominent merchant and a leading worker in the Church of Christ in that city, and Miss Dr. Ober will unite their fortunes for life, when Melton and Mamie marry.

Let us go back with the reader to the time that the Ober sisters located in Bayville.

At that time the Church of Christ was a very insignificant affair, and not a single person of social notoriety belonged to it. The house was very small and unfavorably situated. When the Misses Ober first located, they were strongly importuned to join other churches, and the Doctor was informed that if she united with the Church of Christ, she would get no

practice. But none of those things moved the sisters. They were not Christians for style, or to get into "society," but they were Christians because they loved Christ and wanted to obey him, and they didn't believe they could be Christians unless they were true to their convictions, and so presenting their baptismal certificate from the Hot Springs, Arkansas, congregation, they were joyfully received into the fellowship of the Bayville Church of Christ.

Miss Ober did find it hard work pulling against the religious and social tide, but little by little she won a place in the field of medicine, that caused much jealousy on the part of some of her rivals.

She got practice among little children at first, and was so successful that religious and social barriers were broken down. One among the first of the wealthier families into which she was called was Mr. Ledyard's home, to visit his little girl two years of age, who was dangerously ill with membranous croup. Two other physicians had given the little one up, and at the earnest solicitation of a neighbor Dr. Ober was sent for, but with no hope of success, or at least very little. Using a pre-

scription she had gotten from Dr. Harlow, the child recovered, and the parents were very profuse in their thanks and bounties. Dr. Ober's reputation was established. Mr. Ledyard forced Dr. Ober to take twice the amount for her services that she asked.

While Mr. and Mrs. Ledyard were very clever, pleasant people, they were not at all interested in religion, and very seldom attended church anywhere.

At the earnest solicitation of Dr. Ober, the elders of the church at Bayville sent for Elder J. R. Edley to hold a series of meetings in the fall of 1891, and the Opera House was secured in which to hold the meeting, as their house was entirely inadequate for such a purpose. It was with considerable misgivings that the officers, who were poor themselves, undertook such a work, involving as it did a considerable outlay of money, but they were literally urged on by a godly woman, and they could not well resist.

The meeting was successful beyond even Miss Ober's most sanguine expectation. Some of the best people in the city, in a financial and social way, came into the church, among them

being Mr. Ledyard and wife. Miss Ober had kindly urged them to attend the meeting, and solely out of respect for her they consented and went. But they did not go after the first time or two out of respect to any one. They went because they were interested, and ere the meeting closed they obeyed the Gospel.

At the close of the meeting it was decided to build a new and suitable church edifice. Mr. Ledyard started the subscription with $1,500. This was duplicated by Banker Hopkins, one of the new converts, and so on, until at the close of two days' canvass, it was found they had $11,343, sufficient to erect a better building than any in the city.

Work was begun at once, and as the building neared completion, the first Lord's day of the following May (1892), was the day set for the dedication, the money being all provided for before the time for opening came. The day before the dedication a very sad accident occurred. Mrs. Ledyard, with her little girl, was driving the family horse to a new phaeton. The horse was supposed to be perfectly gentle, Mrs. Ledyard having driven him many times before; but on this occasion as she was driving

along Main Street, a bit of colored paper was blown under the animal's feet, which gave him such a fright that he started to run, but Mrs. Ledyard holding him in, he began to rear and plunge. Men started toward him crying, "Whoa! Whoa!" but that only frightened him the more. Giving a sudden whirl, the vehicle gave a lurch, and mother and child were thrown to the ground with great force. The mother received the force of the fall, as the little one fell on its mother, and thus received little injury. The lady was hurled against a curbstone with such force as to render her unconscious. She was gently borne to her home, which was only three blocks away, and Miss Dr. Ober and Dr. Relwick were hastily summoned, but they could give the agonized husband no hope. They said it was only a question of a few hours at most, and she must pass into the "silent shades." Miss Ober watched by the bedside of the dying woman all night, carefully noting every symptom. About four o'clock the next morning the sufferer regained consciousness and the husband began to have hope, but the physician knew she was too badly injured to recover, and knew that consciousness

would soon leave her to return no more. Mrs. Ledyard also knew that the end was nigh. Motioning Miss Ober to come near she whispered, "I am going to leave you. Will you not take my darling baby and bring her up in the 'nurture and admonition of the Lord?' Her papa will provide for her wants, but she will need so much a mother's love, and I know you would take such good care of her."

Miss Ober readily promised to take the little one and the dying woman seemed much relieved. Then gently calling her husband, she said:

"We have lived five years happily together, and I regret to leave you, but I do not dread death. Oh, how I rejoice that we were led to see the light and to walk therein. You have been a dear companion to me. 'Be thou faithful unto death,' and we will meet on the eternity side of sorrow and death. Bring my little Dessie here that I may kiss her 'Good-bye!' "

The little one was brought and the mother fondly kissed her, and said to the husband that she would go on and wait his coming.

"I'll not be in my pew to-day in the new church, as I had hoped to be, but tell the breth-

ren I will worship with them in the 'House not made with hands, eternal in the heavens.' I am tired now; kiss me, dear husband, good-night. I want to sleep awhile and—" she did. She fell "asleep in Jesus" (1 Thess. 4: 14), to awaken "in the morning."

According to her promise, Dr. Ober took little Dessie to bring up in the "nurture and admonition of the Lord," and soon was as much attached to her as though she were her own child, and little Dessie, child-like, soon forgot her mamma, and was content to remain with the Misses Ober.

We relate these facts that you may not be surprised when you read in the Bayville *Weekly Prooflight* of Sept. 12th, 1895, the following announcement:

DOUBLE WEDDING.

Last evening at the beautiful cottage home of the brides, corner of 5th and Tyrone Streets, Mr. Justin Ledyard and Miss Dr. Gertrude Ober and Rev. Melton Esterly and Miss Mamie Ober, Rev. T. E. Knisely, Pastor of the Church of Christ, officiating. Mr. Ledyard and the brides need no introduction to the readers of *The Prooflight*, as they are amongst our best known and most highly esteemed citizens. While we are not personally acquainted with Rev. Esterly, we learn that he is the son of a rich

banker of J—, and a young man of brilliant attainments. It is said that he and his lovely bride intend to go at once as missionaries to Liberia, and possibly to the heart of the "Dark Continent." Few wealthy people make such sacrifices. But as Rev. Mr. Esterly said to a friend who expressed surprise that he should go away from home and friends when he had everything that heart could wish, "Why should I not make the personal sacrifice as well as any one else? Does the fact that my father is wealthy excuse me from duty, or does it not make the duty all the more incumbent upon me, inasmuch as I have had a greater trust committed to my keeping?" Very true, indeed, but how few look at it in that light. The great majority think if they give a few dollars they are freed from all other obligations. They seem to think they can buy their way into heaven. But as the religious editor is not in, and we are doing this work for him gratis, we will desist. While we regret very much to lose the younger bride, we are glad to know that we are to keep Mr. and Mrs. Ledyard, but very much suspect that Mr. Ledyard will persuade the Doctor to confine her practice to his own household, which will be a very serious blow to many other families who have learned to esteem her very highly for her professional ability. To both couples *The Prooflight* extends the very kindliest wishes.

CHAPTER XVI.

"All may have, if they dare choose, a glorious life or grave."—*George Herbert*

It was an excursion train, heavily laden with human freight, most of the excursionists bound for Niagara Falls. It was almost midnight, and the train was behind time, and must make C. before the regular midnight express, as they were to meet there. The weather was pleasant, and everything was propitious. The passengers were engaged in various diversions. Some were sleeping, some eating, some reading, but the most were engaged in conversation.

One lady drew attention, although she did not seem to be trying to, by going from one to another and asking them to engage in a midnight praise service. She found a number of Christian Endeavorers, representing various religious bodies, and these gathered near the front end of the coach. As the lady in question came to a party of four—two young men and two young ladies—playing cards, she paused and quietly asked: "If you knew this train would

be wrecked within the next hour, and you hurled into eternity, would you be engaged in that pastime?" and she passed on.

"No, I would not, I am very sure," exclaimed one of the young ladies, "and I will not play any more, Bessie," addressing her lady friend.

The young men and "Bessie" began to chaff her about her squeamishness, but she remained firm. "I tell you, my friends, that lady's voice seemed as a voice from heaven," said the resolute girl. "I suppose it was my conscience troubling me that made it sound that way to me, but I know it is wrong to play cards, and you need not coax me any more, as I shall not touch those cards again."

Finding the young lady immovable, and the game broken, they putup their cards and ceased teasing her.

"I wonder who that meddlesome busybody was that broke up our game?" asked one of the young men, speaking to himself as much as to any one else. "I am going to find out. I suspect she is some Christian Endeavor crank, trying to reform the world in a week and a day."

He arose and sauntered down the aisle where

the prayer-meeting group was assembling, or rather where they had already assembled. As he came opposite a bright, intelligent young lady, apparently nineteen or twenty years of age, he asked if she knew that lady who was "organizing the railroad prayer-meeting."

"Why, that is my friend, Miss Mary Ardmore. She lives at our house in J. She used to be my governess, but now she is like an older sister."

At this point in the conversation the singing began, in which the young lady—whom the reader has rightly guessed was Stella Esterly—engaged, and the young man returned to his seat. The group of worshipers sang, "There's Sunshine in My Soul To-day," "We'll Never Say Good-bye in Heaven," some of them little thinking that they would soon say "Good-bye" to earth.

Several sentence-prayers were offered, and then they repeated the Twenty-third Psalm in concert. The most of them had never met each other until that night, but they seemed bound together in indissoluble bonds of Christian love.

The conductor of the train came along, took

in the situation, and holding his cap in his hand, stood with bowed head as petitions were offered up to God, and tears gathered in his eyes as Miss Ardmore prayed for "those in charge of this train. May they realize the responsible position they occupy, and if they are not already passengers on board the heavenly train, may they seek passage before it is too late."

At the close of her prayer the group took up that old familiar song, that will ever be new to the child of God, "Nearer, My God, to Thee."

With jubilant voices they sang:

"There let the way appear,
Steps unto heaven;
All that Thou sendest me
In mercy given.
Angels to beck——"

A crash! A moment of comparative stillness, then the midnight air was filled with hoarse voices of men, the shrill screams of maimed, terrified and bewildered women and children, the hissing of escaping steam. It seemed that Pandemonium had broken loose.

The train had broken through a burning bridge, and the engine, baggage-cars and three

coaches were derailed. The engineer was killed outright, as he was in the act of reversing the engine that proved the salvation of many others. The fireman saved his life by jumping, but suffered a broken leg.

For the next hour everything was noise and confusion. A small village being near, word was sent to Chicago, thirty miles away, to send medical assistance at once. It was found that there were seven killed outright, John Herndon, of Kansas City, Mo., who accused Miss Ardmore of being a "meddlesome busybody," being of the number. There were three fatally injured, and many seriously, among the latter, if not the former, being Miss Ardmore. She was unconscious when found, lodged in between two seats. A deathly pallor o'erspread her face, and it was at first thought she was dead, but upon examination it was found that life was not extinct.

The houses of the village of C. were thrown open for the dead and wounded when the report of the awful wreck was made known, the sad news being announced by the ringing of the two church bells. Such a thing at "noon

of night" was sure to awaken the populace of the village, who came forth from their peaceful slumbers and offered every assistance in their power.

Judge Varley's country seat was here, although his business was in the city. He was among the first of the citizens on the ground after the awful catastrophe, helping in every possible way to alleviate the sufferings of the unfortunate passengers. He had his carriage in readiness to remove the wounded to the village, several of whom were taken to his own large and beautiful residence, Miss Ardmore being among the number.

Stella Esterly escaped with a few bruises, and was almost inconsolable at the possible, and what seemed probable, loss of her "sister."

When the latter was taken to Judge Varley's she was placed in a pleasant room, and made as comfortable as possible, awaiting a medical and surgical examination. One of the local physicians examined her, but could not find just where the trouble was. He said he would pass on to others who were at least conscious of their sufferings, and let the physicians from the city attend her case.

About one o'clock in the morning the physicians and surgeons arrived, and were taken to different places to alleviate the pain of the unfortunates.

An elderly gentleman, apparently about sixty years of age, but well preserved in health, and a younger man, about thirty-five years of age, were taken to the Varley residence.

As they ascended the steps the younger asked, "Uncle, did you bring your anæsthetics with you? In my haste I forgot my small case in which I carry them."

"Yes, I have mine, but it is hardly likely we shall need them, as the surgeons will attend to any case needing their use."

"Very true, but in my travels I have found immediate use for them on rare occasions, and I do not know but what this may be one of those occasions."

They were shown into a room where a young man lay, suffering with severe hemorrhage of the lungs. Administering a sedative, they passed into the room in which Mary Ardmore lay. Mrs. Varley stood by the bedside, chafing the almost pulseless wrists, while Stella Esterly sat at the foot of the bed, sobbing as though

her heart would break. Two or three others were in the room when the doctors entered, the conductor of the ill-fated train being one of the number. He stood with bowed head and reverent mein, his cap in hand, very much as he stood a little over an hour before, as he listened to the petition from those lips that are perhaps stilled forever.

The younger of the physicians stepped to the bedside of the unconscious woman, and quickly starting back, exclaimed, "Mary Ard——Mrs. Allen! Is it possible?" Turning to the weeping girl, he asked, "Where is her husband?"

"I do not understand you, sir," replied the young lady.

"I mean where is the lady's" (pointing to the unconscious woman) "husband? Was he in the wreck?"

"I am still unable to understand you. She was never married," answered Stella. "You are mistaken in the woman."

"I would be willing to be qualified that this is Mrs. Allen, formerly Miss Ardmore, with whom I was acquainted several years ago in Brookfield —"

"Her name is still Ardmore," interrupted Miss Esterly. "She was never married to Mr. Allen or any one else."

"I do not understand it," meditatively remarked Dr. Harlow, whom the reader has doubtless guessed was the younger physician.

"Well, let us see what produces her unconsciousness, and then it will be time to discover her identity," suggested the older doctor.

But Dr. Harlow for a few moments went about in a dazed sort of way. He could hardly realize that he was in the presence of her who had entered more into his life in the past few years than all others put together.

Rousing himself from his reverie, he set to work assisting his uncle, Dr. Nilton, in examining the unconscious sufferer, who lay in a comatose state before them. Dr. Harlow's practiced eye at once saw from indications that the injury was in some way connected with the brain, rather than the body; at least it was the brain trouble that caused the stupor. They examined very carefully, and after gently uncoiling a heavy mass of brown, silken hair, they discovered the trouble; there was a depression of the occipital bone, causing the Dura Mater

to press against the grey matter of the brain, thus producing coma, which, if the disturbance should reach downward, might result in death, especially if it should reach the Medulla Oblongata, that being the conjunction of the brain with the spinal column. The wound seemed to have been produced by her head striking against the corner of the seat, pressing in the skull as just described. The physicians thought there was doubtless a coagulation of blood. Dr. Harlow sent a runner out in search of Dr. Burnell, one of the finest surgeons of the city, who had come down with them, to come at once if possible, and perform a skillful piece of surgery. He knew the skull must be trephined and the clotted blood removed.

As the messenger started in search of the surgeon, Miss Esterly, addressing Dr. Harlow, exclaimed:

"Doctor, do you think there is any hope?"

"While there is life there is hope," sententiously replied the medical gentleman. "If there is no other injury than that we have discovered, I think she will be all right when the operation is over. I hope so, at least, for this

lady was once a very dear friend of mine, but we have not met until to-night for a little over ten years."

"She came to our house about nine years ago," remarked Stella, "in answer to an advertisement mamma inserted in the *Daily Index* of our city, desiring a governess."

"What! Mary Ardmore a governess!" exclaimed the Doctor.

"Yes, sir. Her father and mother died about the same time, and it was not long until her brother failed in business and everything was swept away. She could have kept considerable by taking advantage of the law, but she was too honest for that, and allowed every thing to go to pay their creditors. She got a little back after a year or two when every thing was straightened up. You seem surprised, Doctor, that she should have been a governess; there was no disgrace in it, was there?"

"Most assuredly there was not. I was only surprised that she should have been under the necessity of resorting to that kind of a calling. It was just like her to go out and do for herself."

"Well, mamma paid her good wages from the start, and for the last few years she has been just as one of the family. She seems like an older sister to me. Indeed I call her sister, quite as much as I do my real sister. Oh, what will mamma think when she receives my telegram! I said I was unhurt, and that Mary was hurt some. I look for mamma by ten o'clock this morning. Doctor, are you the physician that Mary was so intimately acquainted with years ago in Brookfield who went to Europe?"

"I am the one, and since you stand so intimately near Miss Ardmore (as you say she has not been married), I will say no woman ever has held or ever will occupy the place in my esteem this dear woman holds."

"Which is fully reciprocated on her part, I can assure Dr. Harlow," replied the young lady. "Mary heard from you about four years ago at Hot Springs, Arkansas, through Miss Dr. Ober, who told her of meeting you in New York City."

"Indeed! Is it possible? I am very glad to hear this. Wonder how the Doctor is getting

along at Bayville? Has her crippled sister gotten any better?"

"The Doctor married one of the leading men of the town, and the crippled sister is now *my* sister, though no longer a cripple; she is perfectly sound and well, and she and my only brother, whom she married, have gone to Africa as missionaries. And you heard that our dear Mary was married?"

"Yes; when I reached London in the spring of '90, I received a lot of mail from the States, much of it having followed me for a long time. One of the papers sent was from Dreelsburg, a town near Brookfield, in which a marked item appeared, announcing the marriage of Mr. Joseph Allen and Miss Mary Ardmore, giving day and date, together with the name of the officiating minister. Of course I did not call it in question, especially as Mr. Allen had once sought her hand in marriage. I do not yet understand it."

"I will explain, Doctor. When Mary heard through Miss Ober that you thought she was married, she began to make some inquiries, and learned that a Miss Mary Ardmore had come to Dreelsburg, from Florida after this Mary had

left Brookfield. It seems they are distant relatives, but have never met."

"Well! Well! This all seems like a dream to me. And all these years I have been thinking that Mary, *my* Mary, as I shall call her, was married!" exclaimed the physician.

"She tried very hard to find you, after her conversation with Dr. Ober, but without avail. She wished to correct the mistaken idea you had concerning her marriage," explained Miss Esterly.

"I stopped in Chicago awhile with my uncle here," replied the Doctor, "and then went to the Pacific coast, and spent four years in California, Oregon and Washington, and then went down into Mexico to examine the growth and especially the blossoming process of some medicinal plants whose virtues are being quite highly extolled. I have only been back to Chicago a few months."

Here their conversation was interrupted by the entrance of Dr. Burnell, the surgeon. Dr. Harlow bade them not to speak to him, or call his name in her presence if she should regain consciousness, lest the shock should prove too much for her. He kept himself out of the

patient's sight, while the operation was in progress. So skillfully did Dr. Burnell perform his work, that soon the pressure on the brain was relieved and

> ....."on me
> Nearer my God to Thee,
> Nearer my God to Thee,
> Nearer to Thee,"

sang the suffering woman. Those in the room were at first startled, and then the conductor, who had again come into the room, stated that this was the song they were singing, and they had reached this strain when the crash came. She had now just finished the remainder of the stanza.

Miss Ardmore fell asleep again as soon as she finished the stanza, and a deep hush fell for a few moments over the company after the conductor's remarks. Then Dr. Burnell said the explanation was perfectly reasonable. He said cases were not infrequent in which persons have received injury on the front part of the brain by indentation of the skull, and that when the pressure was relieved, they would take up the conversation where it was broken off.

But he said it was rare, in case of the back

part of the skull being injured, but it was *sometimes* true, doubtless owing to the extreme sympathy existing between the front and back part of the brain, that is much more marked in some than others. He said he could see that this lady was of a highly sensitive nature, but far removed from hysteria.

"Doctor, why has she lost consciousness again?" anxiously inquired Stella.

"Oh, that is all right. Her consciousness will return in a short time, and then she will suffer acute pain of which she will be conscious, and it is possible she will complain of the front part of the head. She will then require an opiate of some kind to ease the pain."

It was as he said. It was not long until Miss Ardmore awoke, and putting her hand to her forehead exclaimed:

"Oh, my head! how it hurts! Where am I? Oh, I remember! Was it a wreck? Where is Stella?"

"Here I am, dear sister," said Stella, as she stooped and kissed her.

"Were there many people hurt?" True to her nature, ever thinking about the welfare of others. "Oh, my head, my head!" still point-

ing to her forehead, in proof of what the surgeon had said. It was necessary to administer an opiate, as the Doctor had predicted, and in a short time she fell into a quiet slumber from which she did not awaken until morning.

Dr. Harlow sat by the bedside until morning, but kept himself in the shadow of a curtain, to not be recognized in case she should awaken. He frequently felt her pulse, and stroked her brow. Stella, after much persuasion, was induced to retire to an adjoining room and get a little sleep. Miss Ardmore awoke about eight o'clock, perfectly rational, but very weak. Stella insisted on watching by her bedside while the rest ate their breakfast. Mary inquired of Stella if she had sent word to her parents, and when the latter replied that she had, and that she expected her mother on the 10:30 train that morning, the sufferer seemed perfectly satisfied. Stella asked her if she was in much pain.

"No, not very much; my head has a queer feeling. Oh, Stella," she continued with animation, "I had such a beautiful dream last night. You know I have often told you that I do not put much faith in dreams. Well, I do not, as a rule, but this was so real, because part

of it was true. I thought I was lying in a room on a beautiful couch, and there were a number of people in the room. They said I was hurt, and this much was true. I thought Dr. Harlow came to my bedside and felt my pulse, and gently laid his hand upon my brow and smoothed back my hair. I thought his gentle touch seemed to ease my pain. I thought he said, 'Mary, I have come for you, and nothing but death shall separate us.' After a little I dreamed again. I thought the Doctor and I stood under a large double cross archway of evergreens, ferns and flowers, over which was suspended a large wedding bell, made of beautiful flowers, and there we were made husband and wife; then there was a chime of bells, and the angels echoed back those chimes. You know, Stella, I believe marriage is the most sacred contract on earth, and true marriage is ratified in heaven.

"The last scene in my dream was an angel, who came to me and said: 'Be thou faithful unto death and I will give thee a crown of life.' So I took this last to be more real than the rest."

Stella, with a glad look and tears of joy in

her eyes, replied: "But, Mary, after all, I believe that sometimes 'coming events cast their shadows before,' and this dream may be the shadow, and the substance may not be far away."

"I wish I even dared to hope so," replied the patient sufferer, "but as Solomon says: 'Hope deferred maketh the heart sick.' Hope of meeting Dr. Harlow on earth again has been so oft deferred, it makes my heart sick; but I thank God I have hope of meeting him where there will be no sects to divide the family of God; where religious differences will be unknown, and misunderstandings can never rise."

"True, very true, Mary, and yet I confidently hope and trust you will meet again on earth. What would you do if he should walk into this room now? Would you swoon away?"

"Indeed I would not. But what do you mean by 'supposing?'"

"I mean this: Dr. Harlow does know of your injury, and you may see him very soon if you will agree to be quiet."

A glad light gleamed in the eyes of the hope-inspired sufferer, as she with animation gently exclaimed: "Oh, Stella, is that true? But I

know it is, for you never trifle with me, especially in a case like this. When may I see him?"

"Soon. He stood by your bedside last night and felt your pulse and gently stroked your forehead again and again, so that your dream was more real than you supposed."

Tears of joy gathered in Miss Ardmore's eyes, and placing her hands together over her breast, with her fingers pointing upward, she gently though fervently exclaimed: "Father, I thank Thee."

Stella stepped out of the room, and in a few moments returned with Dr. Harlow. He stooped and kissed the long separated object of his affections, and she, holding his hand, exclaimed: "Oh, Melvin, I am so glad we meet once more."

"To separate no more until death does part us," added the physician.

"Amen! Amen!" responded Mary, and to Stella, who was the only one else in the room, the angels seemed to echo back, "Amen! Amen!"

Mrs. Esterly arrived on the 10:30 train, as per Stella's guess, and was taken at once to

Judge Varley's residence, where her loved ones were. She showered tears and kisses upon Mary as she rapidly asked particulars. She was overjoyed to find Dr. Harlow and Mary in each other's company, as she well knew what the end of the ten years' romance would be if Mary recovered, as now seemed altogether probable. Mrs. Esterly wanted to take them all home with her at once, but Dr. Harlow and other physicians protested against it, saying Mary should not be moved under ten days or two weeks. Judge Varley said she was welcome to stay a month, or two months, if necessary, or even convenient.

Christmas eve, 1800. Christian Church at J—, beautifully and brilliantly lighted. A fine large evergreen tree stood in one corner of the large auditorium. Wreaths of flowers and evergreens were on every hand, but the decoration that attracted the most attention was a large double cross archway of ferns and flowers, standing just in front of the altar. Over this was a large wedding bell made of beautiful white lilies. Over all this, suspended from invisible supports, was a rainbow in vari-colored electric jets, that made the two words: "Harlow-Ardmore."

A short program for the little ones was rendered, and then precisely at eight o'clock, as Miss Bertha Lee played the wedding march, Dr. Melvin Harlow with Mrs. Estella Esterly, followed by Mr. William T. Esterly and Miss Mary Ardmore came down the aisle, and the bride and groom taking their places under the bell, Dr. Harlow and Miss Ardmore were united in marriage for life in a brief and appropriate ceremony by Elder Bailey, while Rev. Mr. Westwell, of the Second or "Ardmore Church," offered a brief and touching prayer.

The wedding party passed out and were driven to the Esterly mansion, where a magnificent repast was spread for a large number of invited guests.

Mrs. Esterly said she felt like inviting the whole city—not that she was glad to give her "daughter" away, but she thought that Mary deserved an ovation from the good people of the city, and a good many others thought so too.

As Dr. Harlow and his amiable bride settle down for life, let us see what Mary Ardmore's fidelity accomplished.

The Esterlys were converted through her instrumentality, as were also Lawyer Payle and

wife. It was through her efforts, seconded by the banker's son, that the Mission Sunday-school was established. It was this that converted "Mickey" McFlynn and Maggie Manning; many others were rescued from a life of sin by this mission.

Dr. Dunbar, of London, was led into clearer light through the sacrifice of Miss Ardmore—indirectly, of course. In the same way was Miss Ober converted, and she in turn converts many others. It was Mary Ardmore's fidelity to the truth that led Melton Esterly into the ministry, and caused him to go as a missionary of the cross.

Conductor Brandenburg dates the beginning of his conversion to the midnight praise-meeting on board his train, led by Miss Ardmore, and he in turn converts many others of the railway men by the simple story of the cross. Indeed, the influence she set in motion will go on through time, even to the judgment morn.

Let us, like Mary Ardmore, be true to Truth, faithful to the Faith, and hopeful in the Hope of the Gospel of Christ, and God will abundantly reward our TEST OF FAITH.

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